

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



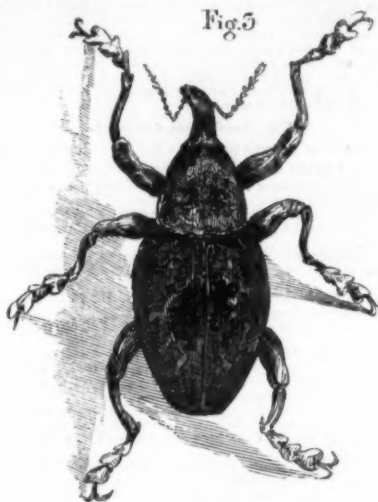
NEWSPAPER

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MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE CIRCULIO.

THE CIRCULIO; OR, THE PLUM BUG.

A CORRESPONDENT has furnished us with accurate drawings of the *circulio*, a species of bug which attacks the plum trees, and which, if measures are not taken to prevent it, entirely destroys the crop.

Many different methods of getting rid of this pest have been proposed, but their success is only partial, and the only way at all to be depended upon is to shake the trees morning and evening, a sheet being placed underneath to catch the insects, which should be carefully destroyed, as their reproductive power, like that of most of their species, is very great.

The *circulio* is first perceived in the plum orchards at the time the buds start, that is about the second week in April, and continues there for about five weeks, during which time the shaking should not be omitted even for a single day.

Fig. 1 represents the *circulio* on the plum. The semi-circles and dots on the plums are where the eggs are deposited. Fig. 2 is a view of the insect "playing possum," as they will appear to be dead and look more like a gray bud than an insect of life. Fig. 3 is a magnified view.

Fig. 2.



TAKING OF SAN FERMO BY GARIBALDI'S TROOPS.

SAN FERMO was one of the first points against which Garibaldi directed his forces in his attack upon the Austrian positions in the vicinity of Como. The assault was made in the face of a galling fire, directed by the Austrians from a large and massive building in which they had thrown themselves. To dislodge the enemy from this position seemed a task almost superhuman, and it is doubtful that any other corps than that of Garibaldi's could have accomplished it. Throughout the whole engagement his soldiers manifested the utmost coolness, advancing steadily against the enemy's stronghold, though the bullets fell about them like hail. Nothing could withstand such persevering bravery as this, and the Austrians were at length driven from their position with fearful loss.

From a letter by Dr. Wienberg, who accompanied Garibaldi in his hard-fought progress through the enemy's country, we extract the following passage relative to the future movements of the Italian liberator:

"Lombardy, Parma, the States of the Church and the best part of Modena are cleared of the Austrians. They have sustained a heavier loss in fame, men and portable property than is commonly known, for they are driven to their last post in Italy, to remain on the defensive long enough to give the allied armies time to take Mantua. Peschiera most likely is now in the hands of the Sardinians. Garibaldi is now in the position to take possession of the two railroad

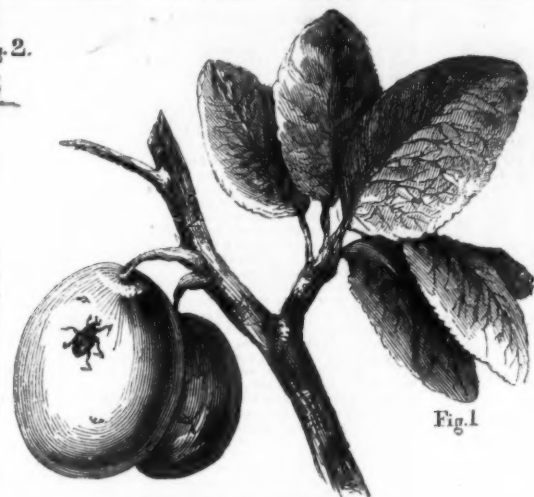


Fig. 1.

THE CIRCULIO, OR PLUM BUG.

lines centering in Verona, and certainly will shortly accomplish the feat. Prince Napoleon comes from Tuscany with twenty-five to thirty-five thousand troops, to clear Modena of the Austrians, and operate east of Mantua and Verona in connection with Garibaldi. Prince Napoleon's march will be from Modena and Reggio to Mirandola, Padua and Vincenza, in the rear of Mantua and Verona. Garibaldi will start north from Peschiera, go north on the eastern shore of the Garda Lake, double Verona, and unite with Prince Napoleon somewhere in Vincenza. This operation, in connection with a naval demonstration somewhere about Venice, will and must result in the entire occupation of the Province of Venice by the allied



TAKING OF SAN FERMO BY GARIBALDI'S TROOPS.

forces, while the Austrians will be stored away in Mantua and Verona.

"If Kossuth lands in Fiume, and succeeds to revolutionize Hungary, the Allies will be in two months nearer to Vienna than the Austrians are at present to Milan."

MEN AND TEN-PINS—A WAR ECLOGUE.

Two gentlemen, to warm their shins,
Were playing at that game, ten-pins;
The first was Smith—name seldom heard,
And nearly now an obsolete word—
Which also may be said of Jones,
As he was called who owned the bones,
Or skeleton which gave the soul
Of Smith's playmate the strength to roll.
Well, as we were this minute saying,
This well matched pair were ten-pins playing;
But Jones and Smith were wide apart
In intellect as well as heart.
One reasoned as each ten-pin fell,
The other player felt as well.
Smith had the philosophic mind,
While Jones to sympathy inclined.
At last as Smith was knocking down
The patient pins, he said to Jones—
(It should be Jones, but *endure* now,
Rhyme sometimes makes a fact untrue)—
"It seems to me, and may to you,
That monarchs serve out for their pins
Their subjects as we serve those pins,
They put them up to knock them down
In battle, or to storm a town;
They marshal them in prim array,
Then tell the guns to blow away.
At every pop a man is slain!
He falls! a bullet in his brain
Tactically shows how small
The use he made of it—if at all!"

Had ten-pins sense, d'ye think that they
Would do as men do every day?
March bravely to the battle plain,
And fight like men till they're slain?
This loss an arm, and that an eye,
And then about death or victory!
And when the tyrant, at whose will
They're sent there to be killed or kill,
Made his appearance on the ground,
D'ye think they'd make the air resound
With *Vive l'Empereur!* *Vive le Roi!*
Till not a shout's left in their jaw?
D'ye think they'd say, "His sweet to die
For Francis Joseph?" All my eye!
To use a pet phrase of the schools.
I tell you, Jones, they're not such fools!
But look at men, two despots tire
Of vice, and then for blood desire;
They crave a stronger pleasure;
They choose the strongest one they know,
Torturing their fellow men, and killing!
With them no joy is like blood spilling,
And strange to say, mankind is willing
To gratify a tyrant's pride.
They despoil their own friends,
Widow the women they once were
To love and cherish—say, e'en more,
Leave her the trusting, faithful wife,
To wander wearily through life,
The scold of fortune, or the prey
Of furies that haunt the world's highway.
The wooden puppets that now lie
Prostrate before your careless eye,
Would never be the fools that men
Have made themselves, and would again.
Just fancy, Jones, that yonder mass
Of wood could be so great an ass,
Or, if you like, so vile a slave,
Granting it felt the knocks we gave,
As say to you or me—"Good air,
You do a mighty bliss confer
On us, to kick us up and then
To knock us down again like men!
It is an honor, noble game,
That craves a grateful recompense.
Hurrah for Smi h, Hurrah for Jones!
Ye dying ten-pins, hush your groans,
'Tis sure a privilege to die
Beneath the ball that Smith lets fly!
Amuse yourselves, ye lordly two,
Though death to us, 'tis sport to you!"

Now, Jones, confess it, would you not
Call such a ten-pin, thief or sot,
Villain and noodle, scoundrel, knave,
Pimp, pander, parasite and slave,
And only fit to be the tool
Of tyrants, whether dead or fool?
Say, could you shed a single tear
On such a wretched ten-pin's bier?
Would you not rather say, "I won't
Such carrion's only food for shot?"
But yet mankind, poor wretched clay,
As I've said, and every day—
From Nimrod to Napoleon, still
They cheerfully each other kill,
And o'er the greatest murderer's dust
Raise the proud tomb and marble bust.

But now the crowning wonder comes,
Amid the trumpets and the drums.
The hideous farce these despots play,
When both the villa no praise and pray—
One at Vienna—true, dear Jones—
Goes on his pious marrowbones,
And bows the Virgin Mary will
Take chief command to burn and kill,
While 't'other cat-throat reads his wife,
(He's far too busy in the strife),
'O baunt le Deums for the sea
Of blood he's split in victory.
Compared to man, I think you'll own
A ten-pin is a Solomon!"

Smith here stopped short—he heard the cry,
"Another mighty victory!"
And rushing wildly to the street
He bought the *Herald's* extra sheet,
And line by line with bin lins sight,
Devoured each detail of the fight.

THE GREAT WAR.

CONTENTS.

Battle of Solferino; the First Napoleon's Battle of that Name in 1796—Position of the Austrians and Allies—The Austrians abandon Montebelluna, and withdraw behind the Mincio—they recross in great force and offer battle to the French—the Conflict commences at Four o'clock—the Austrians are defeated and recross the Mincio—Description of the Ground—Desperate Nature of the Conflict—the Sardinians hard pressed—Gallantry of Victor Emanuel—Official Accounts, &c.

THE Canada has brought full particulars of the last great conflict between the Allies and the Austrians, which has received the title of Solferino. Like several other battles of this campaign, it has an ancestral fame, since in 1796 the First Napoleon defeated the same nation on the same spot, but on a very much smaller scale.

Our last account left the Allies in full force at Bressa, Castiglione and other towns scattered on that line. The Austrians still held Montebelluna, which, however, they abandoned on the 23d, and slowly withdrew to the right side of the Mincio, as though resolved to force the Allies to cross that river if they were anxious for battle. Early, however, in the morning, about daybreak, the Emperor Francis Joseph ordered a large portion of his army to cross the Mincio and give battle to the enemy. This movement, so totally at variance with the usual tactics of the Austrians, appears to have taken the French somewhat by surprise. But with the usual slowness of that nation, in less than an hour they were all ready to meet their foe.

It is not very often that we have to consider the movements of such large armies as those which then met face to face. The

Austrian army, when it arrived on the eastern bank of the Mincio, retreating from all points, gaining the enclosure of its fortresses, and coming within the co-operation of their reserves, cannot be estimated at less than 150,000 men. The French, increased by a continuous stream of reinforcements rapidly pushed up to the front, was probably not inferior in numbers. In the course of the retreat and pursuit they had approached each other until the pursuers having passed the Chiess and the retiring force having passed the Mincio, only the latter river separated them. It was thought throughout Europe that the Austrians had reached their chosen battle ground, and the continental authorities best taught in the strategies of war had confidently predicted that the line of the Mincio was the appointed spot of the decisive battle.

The Austrians, however, with that fatal weakness of purpose which seems to actuate them in all their military movements, and which causes them to vacillate between precipitancy and timidity, retraced their steps, recrossed the Mincio in four enormous divisions, doubled back upon their pursuers, and, as the Austrian account states, came upon a superior body of the enemy on the Chiess. If this be true, nothing could be more suicidal in strategy than for an inferior force to cross a great river in order to seek out a superior enemy, and to engage him with that river in the rear. This inequality in force, however, was probably only momentary, and this superior force of the enemy, which turned out to be the main body of the French army, was quickly confronted by the whole force of the Austrians in Lombardy, with the Emperor Francis Joseph at their head.

The battle began at four in the morning, but at ten o'clock, allowing thus six hours for concentration, the collision of the two entire armies took place. The left wing seems to have commenced the attack, and to have advanced nearly as far as the Chiess, thus, as the Austrian account rather insinuates than asserts, forcing back the French right. It is claimed, also, that the Austrian right wing had an early success against the Sardinians, who were on the ground nearest to Brescia and Peschiera. But, unfortunately for the Austrians, it happened that while their two wings were thus victorious, their centre was broken. The French Emperor directed his early efforts against this part of the enemy's line, and the Austrians gently say, "The order of our centre could not be restored." From that moment the battle seems to have been lost. It was a matter of course that when the centre was broken powerful masses should be directed against the wing which had pressed hardest upon the French, and was successful against the force opposed to it.

It was in accordance, also, with all military experience that, under this pressure, the losses should be extraordinarily heavy, that the main body should advance, and that the army whose centre had been broken and wings driven back should retreat. That retreat began late in the evening. The Austrians left behind, in killed, wounded and prisoners some 50,000 men, according to the first French account, which we must, of course, receive with a good amount of margin, and which the last statement in the *Moniteur* moderates in the item of prisoners, but we accept it for the moment, in the absence of any counter statement on the Austrian side. They recrossed the Mincio, which they had so unaccountably passed upon this disastrous errand, and Napoleon III. slept in the room which had been occupied by his brother Emperor the morning of the battle.

The ground upon which this battle was fought differs much from the spongy plain through which the Austrians had been so long retreating, and the French had been so long advancing. The southern end of the Lago di Garda consists of hills and broken uplands, which have always been considered as favorable to defensive operations. When the Austrian Emperor changed his tactics so suddenly that the command to recross the Mincio appeared rather the result of a caprice than a deliberate judgment, it was into these uplands that he led his army. The village of Pozzolengo, which he describes as having been occupied by his right wing, is about six miles to the south-west of Peschiera. Solferino, which played so important a part in the battle, is a little village about six miles to the south-west of Pozzolengo, and is situated at the foot of the uplands, and just at the point where they descend into the plain. Away to the left across the plain, another six miles distant, is that Castel-Goffredo which we are told was occupied by the Austrian left wing. Here we have the line of battle.

The three places are nearly equidistant, and form a straight front, in a south-westerly direction, from the Garda Lake. Its right extends over the highlands from Pozzolengo to Solferino. Its left passes along the plain from Solferino to Castel-Goffredo. Solferino is the centre and the key of the position. Behind these three points lies a second line of posts marked in the despatch, and important in the events of the day. Guidizzola and Cavriana are the villages that afford this second line of stations; and Volta, also mentioned in the telegram, is a town about four miles in the rear of that second line of posts, and within a very short distance of the western bank of the Mincio.

The Austrians had extended their line too far even for their immense force. Having thus lost the key to their position, the Austrian centre must have been forced back to the village of Cavriana, four miles in the rear. They must again have been dislodged by the pursuing French and Sardinians, and again must have retreated upon Volta, six miles still further in the rear. Volta is, we believe, an open town, and the Austrian centre, which now occupies it, was ten miles in rear of the position it had held in the morning. The French were following up their success, and were preparing for an attack upon Volta with their main body. If this should succeed, the Austrian army must be cut in two and entirely routed. The Austrian Emperor therefore called in his wings, now so greatly in advance of his centre, and drew off his entire army; not, however, retreating very far, but, as it would appear, retiring only to the bank of the Mincio, which, after Volta had become his central position, was close in his rear.

The Emperor Napoleon arrived on the field at eight o'clock A. M., and surveyed the plan of battle from Castiglione. He then rode with his staff to Solferino, which was the heart of the fight.

The village was covered by a battery posted upon a "mamelon" of the Tyrolean Alps. This position was carried by the ninety-first and ninety-eighth regiments of the line and the seventeenth battalion of Chasseurs, though held, according to the French account, by a force ten times their superior in numbers. The fighting was terrible—for the French were again driven out, and carried the position three times. The last time it was carried by the bayonet alone, by Forey's division under the very eyes of the Emperor—and perhaps under the inspiration of his presence.

A letter in the *Paris Patrie* of the 29th, apparently written by a soldier, says:

"The Emperor encouraged us during all the day—and we had need of it! We were completely knocked up with climbing hills and descending them by a run from four o'clock in the morning till nine at night, and that beneath a tropical heat, without during all the time a mouthful to eat or a drop to drink."

After the final carrying of Solferino, the Austrians retreated, followed by the French to an unnamed village, situated in the ravine behind Solferino. Here the French were exposed to a fierce fire from the windows and the tops of houses, but still drove the Austrians before them and from several positions behind—upon the "mamelons" of the chain running down from Lake Garda.

The attacking division of the French here once ran out of ammunition, and had to sustain itself with the bayonet and with stones, of which they made excellent use. The Austrian retreat was thus checked till the Grenadiers and the Zouaves came up, when the retreat again began, and they fell back upon Cavriana, which in the morning had been their headquarters, and where the Emperor had slept the night before—from here also, after desperate fighting, they were driven, and fell back, the main body towards Peschiera.

While this rough work was going on in the centre, among the hills, and being done principally by the Infantry of the Guard, the French cavalry and artillery were doing as much upon the right and

the Sardinian upon the left. The French papers speak of one movement of the cavalry upon the right, made with an "elan irresistible"—a brilliant and splendid charge apparently, though it is impossible to understand exactly its connection in the fight from the meagre accounts.

The greatest energy of the Austrian attack was upon the left of the allied line held by the Sardinians. Here Francis Joseph commanded in person on one side, and Victor Emanuel on the other. Here, also, there was a brilliant charge of cavalry—the Sardinian—led by the Sardinian King himself.

Having thus given a summary of accounts from eye-witnesses, we append the official accounts. It will be noticed that the Austrians are signally candid in confessing their defeat.

The official Journal at Vienna of June 26, published the following official despatch from the seat of war:

VIENNA, June 25.—On the 23d inst., the Imperial Royal Army crossed at four places to the right bank of the Mincio. The right wing of the army occupied Pozzolengo, Solferino and Cavriana. The left wing marched on the 24th inst. to Guidizzola and Castel Goffredo, and repulsed the advancing enemy on all sides. As the Imperial Royal Army continued its advance towards the Chiess, the enemy—who had also assumed the offensive with his whole force—pushed forward such large bodies of troops, that there was a general engagement between the two armies at ten o'clock or thereabouts, on the morning of the 24th inst.

The right wing, which was forced by the second army, under the general of cavalry, Count Schlick, maintained possession of the place which it had originally occupied in the first line of battle until two o'clock in the afternoon, and the first army (the left wing), under the general of artillery Count Wimpfen, continually gained ground in the direction of the Chiess. Towards three o'clock, the enemy made a vehement attack on Solferino, and after several hours' hard fighting, obtained possession of the place which had heretofore been defended by the fifth corps d'armée. An attack was then made on Cavriana, which place was courageously defended until the evening by the first and seventh corps d'armée, but was eventually left in the hands of the enemy.

While the struggle for Solferino and Cavriana was going on, the eighth corps d'armée, which was on the outer flank of the right wing, advanced and repulsed the Sardinian troops opposed to it, but this advantage did not enable the Imperial Royal army to recover the positions that had been lost in the centre. The third and ninth corps, which were supported by the eleventh corps, were engaged on the left wing, and the reserve cavalry attached to this wing made several brilliant attacks. Unusually heavy losses, and the fact that the left wing of the first army was unable to make progress on the right flank of the enemy, who directed his main force in the centre against Volta, led to the retreat of the Imperial Royal Army. It began late in the evening, during a very violent storm. Yesterday evening Pozzolengo, Monzambano, Volta and Goito were still occupied by our troops.

The Sardinian Account.

The Piedmontese *Gazette* publishes the following account, written on the evening of the day on which the battle was fought:

During the night, from the 19th to the 20th inst., the Austrians evacuated the right bank of the Mincio.

On the 25th the Emperor ordered the army of the King of Sardinia to occupy Pozzolengo, and to invest Peschiera, whilst the French army occupied Solferino and Cavriana.

The King ordered the First and Fifth Divisions to dispatch detachments to the places mentioned, and the Third Division also to send a detachment towards Peschiera.

The Austrians during the night, from the 23d to the 25th, advanced towards the right bank of the Mincio.

Reports of despatches are unanimous in stating that 40,000 men were collected at Pozzolengo.

Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers met with unexpected difficulties at Solferino, and the Piedmontese reconnaissances also encountered great forces of the enemy. While Baraguay d'Hilliers performed prodigies of valor at Solferino, the masses of the enemy continued to advance.

At Castiglione, the Emperor, perceiving that he was now contending with the entire army of the enemy, deployed the corps of Generals Niel and MacMahon in the plain, and ordered Canrobert to rejoin with the Imperial Guard the reserve on the heights.

The King had been requested to direct all the forces possible against Solferino, and he accordingly ordered Generals Fanti and Durando to convey succor to the French. General Fanti had already commanded the movement to be made when news arrived that the reconnaissance of the Third and Fifth Divisions was in danger of being cut off at Desenzano by a superior force of the enemy. The King recalled Fanti, and ordered the brigade of Aosta to return to San Martino. However, Baraguay d'Hilliers won Solferino, and marched against Cavriana.

The King having been informed that, notwithstanding the Third and Fifth Divisions were engaged, it was difficult to carry the heights of San Martino, ordered a general attack of those divisions, with the brigade of Aosta, the First Division under General della Marmora, and the brigade of Piedmont.

In spite of a violent tempest, General della Marmora directed his course by Pozzolengo and descended upon San Martino, but was attacked from the side of Pozzolengo. The Fourth Regiment, moving to the left, repulsed the enemy, causing great loss with our artillery.

In spite of General Durando's delay, occasioned by the tempest and by the ignorance of the guides, the Third and Fifth Division and the Brigade of Aosta dislodged the enemy from his formidable positions, and a brilliant victory ended a contest of fifteen hours, sustained with heroic constancy. The order of the army was admirable.

The French Account.

The semi-official *Patrie* of June 29 publishes the following details:

CAVRIANA, Sunday.—A private dispatch brings fresh and important details of the battle of Solferino. The Emperor having arrived at Castiglione at seven A. M. on the 24th, proceeded to a hill which commands the town, and which forms an excellent point of observation. His Majesty immediately discovered that the enemy was engaging in a general action. In fact, considerable masses of Austrians occupied on all the heights formidable positions, and the battle was raging over an extent of five leagues—from the lake of Garda to Guidizzola. The Emperor immediately mounted, and proceeded to Solferino with all his staff; there the fighting was going on with the greatest ferocity.

It was at this point that was most strenuously contested at the time of the first battle won by Augustus in 1796. This was the important position which was retaken; it was at last taken by the point of the bayonet, under the eyes of the Emperor, by the division of General Forey. The Piedmontese, who formed the left wing, behaved admirably. The Austrians, who put their best troops forward, began to give way about two o'clock. The battle had commenced between three and four o'clock in the morning. The Austrians had displayed great energy; their positions were skillfully selected. The Emperor Francis Joseph commanded in person, and his presence still further inflamed the ardor of his troops. Driven out of Solferino, the Austrians concentrated their efforts against our right wing, where the cavalry had occasion to charge with irresistible élan; our infantry and artillery were admirable as usual.

The Emperor's courage amounted to the verge of rashness, electrifying the soldiers by the coolness he always displays, engaged in the thick of the contest, and merely walking his horse when he snuffed his position, in the midst of a shower of balls and bullets. Every one shuddered on beholding the Emperor thus exposing himself, and the soldiers, full of admiration for his boldness, nevertheless regretted it aloud. His Majesty is established since yesterday in the house which the Emperor of Austria had selected for his residence. The losses of the enemy must have been immense. Particulars are yet wanting of our own losses, but, though greatly inferior to those of the Austrians, are yet heavy. General Anger is the only one of our generals seriously wounded. The Emperor named him Lieutenant-general on the field of battle. It is said that the Austrians are completely demoralized.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

A Roland for an Oliver.—Some few days since Judge Whitley was subpoenaed as a witness in a celebrated case. His old acquaintance Prince John Van Buren was the examining counsel. The Judge, who now and then aims at the facetious, was asked by the Prince what his occupation was. "Oh," said he, "I'm a painter, poet, politician, Justice of the Peace, editor, in a word, a Jack of all trades."

"Put that down," said the Prince. "Jack of all trades."

"Excuse me," replied the Judge, "that was a mere pleasantry. I protest against your putting that down."

"I insist," retorted the pertinacious Prince; and it was duly entered that Thomas W. Whitley confessed to being a Jack of all trades.

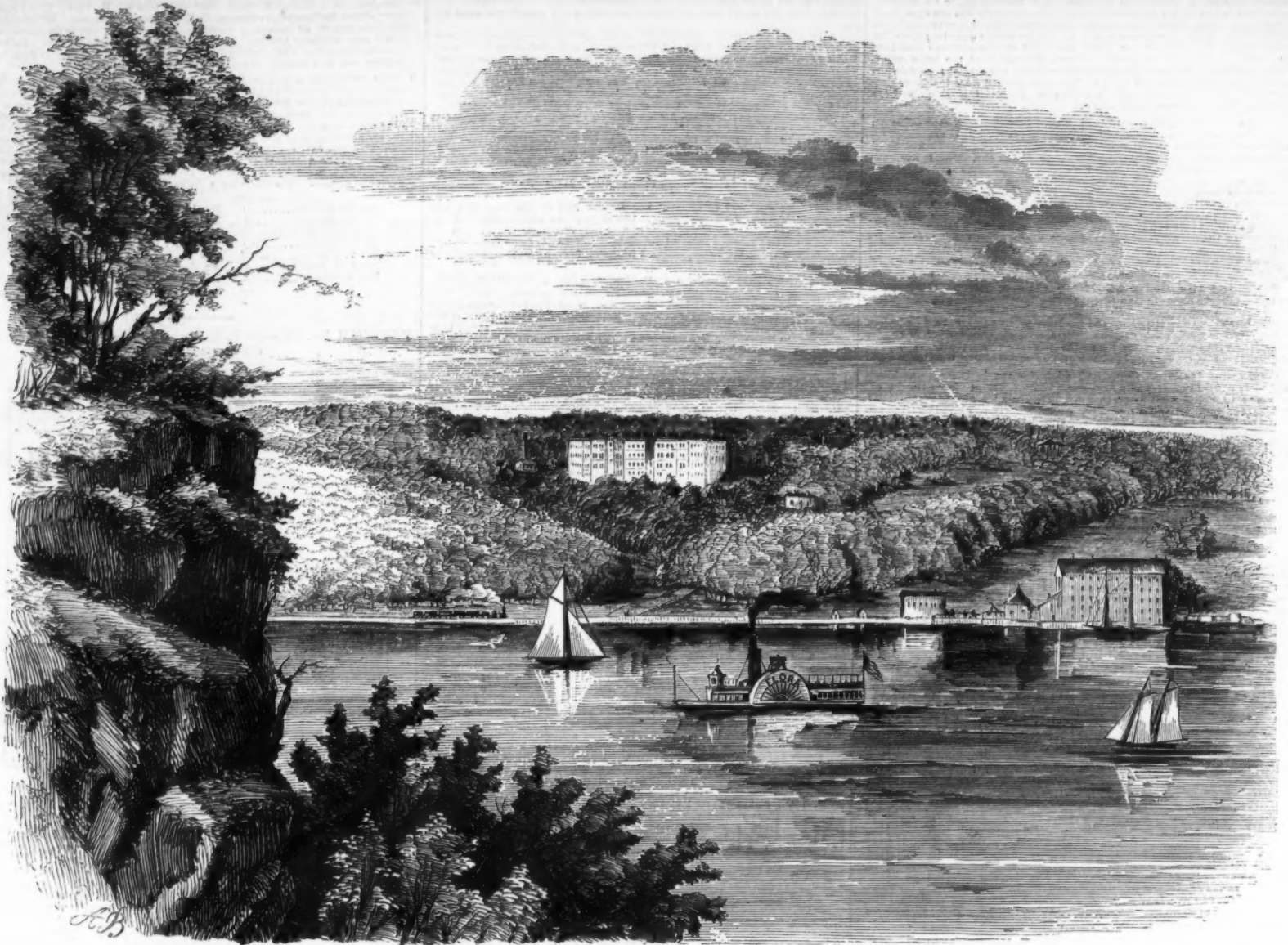
In a few minutes afterward, the facetious Jack of all trades had his revenge on the Princes Jack of all parties, for upon his asking how it was that Whitley was so sure he was in Buffalo in 1848, the sarcastic Jersey Justice said in a most emphatic manner:

"Because I had then the pleasure of hearing Mr. John Van Buren make his famous Free-Sell speech!"

A laugh from the spectators greeted the retort, while the Prince groaned inwardly.

A Tomahawk Found in a Saw Log.—The Messrs. Gibson who own a saw mill in the neighborhood of Caledonia, Canada, were engaged a few days ago in sawing a pine log two feet and a half in diameter, when an unusual creaking of the saw attracted their attention. They examined the cause of the noise and found in the centre of the log an Indian tomahawk, in the eye of which was a piece of rotten wood, a part of its former handle. The log was otherwise perfectly sound.

Passing Strange.—A wedding came off in one of our river settlements a week or two ago, which was numerously attended by the rural young folk, with a few of riper years. The minister joined the happy twain in holy wedlock, and after remaining for a short time, left the company to enjoy themselves without restraint. Wishes for health, happiness and prosperity were showered upon the smiling bride, to which she modestly and gracefully replied. The groom's hand was shook with much cordiality by the company, who congratulated him on his success. After these ceremonies were over the whole



VIEW OF THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM AT WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEAR NEW YORK, ON THE BANKS OF THE NORTH RIVER.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THIS well conducted and important institution is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the Hudson, about nine miles from the New York City Hall, and within half a mile of old Fort Washington.

Before giving an account of this school for the "children of silence," as the deaf and dumb beautifully call themselves, it will not be out of place to give, in a condensed form,

The History of the Institution.

In point of date the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb is the second of its kind in America. The American Asylum at Hartford preceded it about a year; and of perhaps two hundred schools for this class of learners in Europe, not more than twenty-five now existing can claim an earlier origin.

On the 12th of May, 1818, the school of the New York Institution was opened with a class of four pupils, under the tutorship of the Rev. Abraham O. Stansbury. The means for its support were at first subscriptions and donations, with payments from such parents as were able. The city of New York soon assumed the patronage of ten day scholars residing in the city; and when the success of the school became sufficiently decisive, and the number of applicants from the interior of the State painfully numerous, the Legislature of New York made provision for indigent boarding pupils, restricted at first, but increased from time to time. The first grants from the State were donations of money merely; but in 1821, permanent and specific provision was made for thirty-two State pupils, whose term of instruction was, according to the very moderate notions of that day, limited to three years each. As early as 1825 this term was extended to four years, and in 1830 to five. Two years more were added to the term in 1838, for such pupils, usually about one-half of the whole, as were desired to continue, and gave promise of profiting by

the extension. Finally, in 1853, the Legislature gave its sanction to the High Class, established the year before, by authorizing the continuance of those State pupils selected as suitable members of such a class, for three years' instruction in the higher branches of education after the completion of the regular term.

In 1821, Mr. Horace Loomis succeeded Mr. Stansbury as principal teacher, and held this important office for ten years. In the spring of 1829 the Institution was removed to the new building erected on Fifth street, then quite out of town, on an eminence surrounded by open fields and woods. Here in February, 1831, Mr. Harvey P. Peet, the present incumbent, was installed as the executive head of the Institution, with the title of Principal, thus uniting the hitherto separate offices of superintendent and principal teacher.

Up to the removal to Fifth street, in 1829, the average number of pupils was little over fifty; the number when Dr. Peet took charge of the Institution, in 1831, was eighty-two, of whom fifty-six were beneficiaries of the State. As the Institution gained slowly but surely in the confidence of the public and of the Legislature, the number of State pupils was enlarged from time to time, till it reached one hundred and ninety-two, the list, after each successive enlargement, becoming full in a year or two, with applicants left to wait; till finally in 1855, the limitation to the number of State pupils was properly and justly removed; and, instead of bestowing an education on certain selected deaf-mutes, and shutting the door on equally deserving applicants who happened to be in excess of the limited number, the Institution is now authorized, with the sanction in each case of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, to receive as State pupils, all suitable applicants. Of this class of pupils there are now three hundred and five. While the number of pupils educated at the charge of the State has increased, there has been an equally large increase of other pupils.

A fact especially to be noted in a history of the New York Institution, is the publication of elementary books for the use of the deaf and dumb. There was for many years a total want of such works in the American schools for deaf-mutes. The First Part, with the title of "A Vocal and Elementary Exercises for the Deaf and Dumb," published in 1844, was welcomed with satisfaction and even with enthusiasm by American and some English teachers of the deaf and dumb. It has since been carefully revised, and three or four editions have been exhausted. In the greater number of American schools for the deaf and dumb it is put, as the regular textbook, into the hands of each pupil in the new classes. The First Part, as the title now reads, has since been followed up with a Second and Third Part of a "Course of Instruction for the Deaf and Dumb," which, with a small volume of Scripture Lessons, were all prepared by the President, Dr. Peet.

The number of trades that can be taught in connection with such an Institution is of course very limited. The selection made usually embraces first, the making of clothes, shoes and furniture, enabling the institution to be the largest customer of its own shops; and second, such trades as from local circumstances can be most remuneratively carried on, and which promise the best assurance of future support to the pupils. As most of the pupils, when they leave school, return to their families in the country, or in distant towns and villages, evidently the greater number should learn trades at which they can readily obtain employment in all parts of the country. For this reason, shoemaking, tailoring, cabinetmaking and horticulture are trades taught at the New York Institution. Book-binding is added, as being well adapted to deaf-mutes, and in its location near a city where so much publishing is done, promising steady and lucrative employment. It is designed to add printing, and perhaps engraving, to the list, as soon as the Institution, established in its new locality, shall have the requisite room and means. Indeed some of the pupils have already taken lessons in wood engraving.

The building on Fifth street was erected in the years 1827 to 1829. As the number of pupils increased, it was three times enlarged, and it was in contemplation to enlarge it a fourth time. Meantime the rapid growth of the great city was threatening to hem in the Institution with a dense population, for whose convenience streets were opened through its grounds; and the space available for fresh air and exercise became very seriously restricted. The same causes that made a continuance in the old site undesirable, enabled the directors to sell their grounds for building lots at a great

advance on their first cost. A new site, every way highly eligible including thirty-seven acres, on the historical locality known as Washington Heights, to which ready access is had by the Hudson River railroad, was purchased for less than half the sum realized from the sale of the grounds, far less eligible, and hardly one-fourth as large, on Fifth street.

With the purchase of this new site, and the erection of the buildings thereon, we bring the history of the Institution down to the year 1853; now we shall begin to describe it as it appears at the present day, and in doing so, shall designate it, for distinction's sake, by that name by which it is familiarly known to the pupils, as

Parkwood.

The plans for the new buildings were the subject of long and anxious deliberation. The projectors aimed to combine every advantage of a pleasant site, a convenient arrangement, the separation of the sexes, except when assembled for meals, religious worship and instruction, economy of light and fuel, thorough ventilation, and an external appearance not unworthy in architectural effect of the great city and State of New York. There is no similar institution in America, and none even in Europe, the plan of which is satisfactory, and such as its managers would prefer if they had to build over again. All institutions for the deaf and dumb, we believe, indeed most institutions for the education of youth of both sexes, approaching the size of the New York Institution, have grown up by successive additions, in which both internal convenience and architectural appearance have been at the mercy of circumstances. The conductors of the New York Institution thus found themselves obliged to have an original plan for their new building, and used their best efforts—they have the gratification of believing with success—to have such a one as other similar institutions might profitably study and follow.



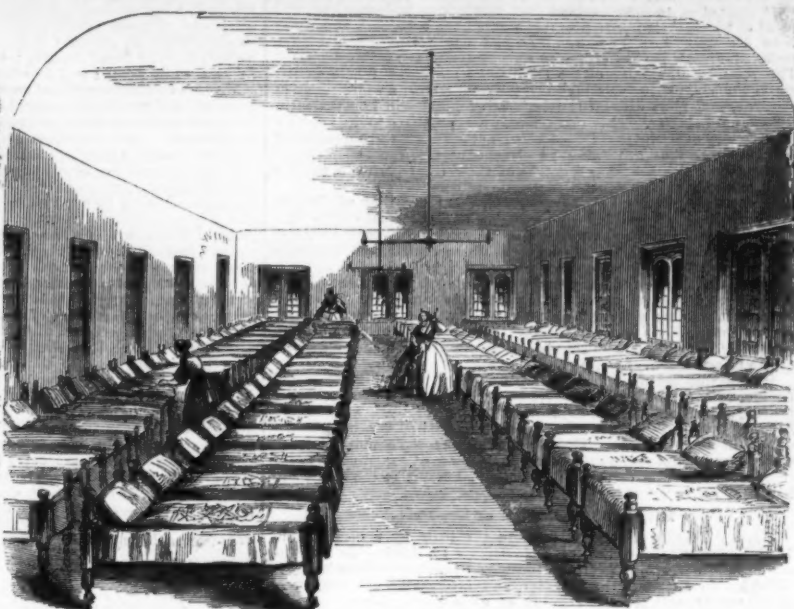
HARVEY P. PEET, ESQ., PRINCIPAL OF THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.



ISAAC LEWIS PEET, ESQ., A. M., VICE PRINCIPAL OF THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.



DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM—CLOSE VIEW OF THE BUILDING.



INTERIOR OF A DORMITORY IN THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

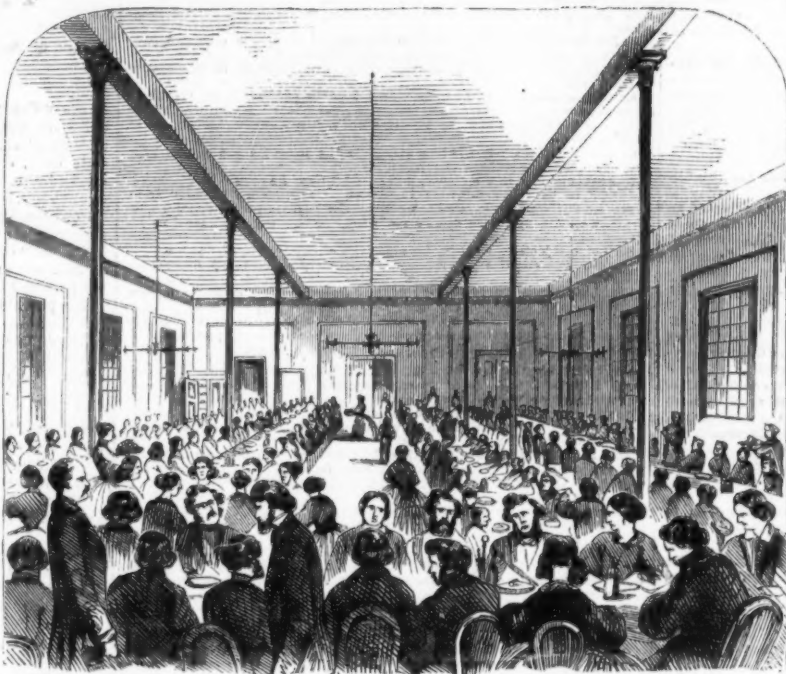
The grounds belonging to the Institution comprise thirty-seven and a half acres, bounded by the Hudson River and the Kingsbridge road, at the intersection of the Tenth avenue. The buildings occupy a portion of the lawn, at an elevation of one hundred and twenty-seven feet above the river, fronting westward, and commanding an extensive and ever-shifting panorama of the water above and below, and extending, from some points of observation, from the Highlands to the Narrows.

The buildings, including the front, wings and school-house in the rear, form a quadrangle of two hundred and forty feet front, and more than three hundred feet in depth. Within the quadrangle is a fifth or central building. The shops and other outbuildings occupy convenient locations to the north and east of the boys' wing and school-house. The four exterior buildings have each four storeys, including the basement, the central building only three, the chapel, which occupies its upper part, having an elevation equal to both the upper storeys.

The buildings are in every way commodiously arranged, the rooms large and airy, well warmed by heated air in winter, and admirably ventilated at all times. The evening light is furnished by gas made on the premises, as the Institution is remote from any established circuit of gas pipes.

The school-house in the rear contains class, lecture, library and cabinet rooms, and in its upper story a hall of design, lighted from above.

The central building contains on its first floor the dining-room, under which in the basement are the kitchens, and on its second floor the chapel, eighty by sixty feet, and over thirty feet high, with ten lofty windows of stained glass. It is also further lighted by a dome in the roof. At the east end, against the wall and under the skylight, is the platform, raised three feet above the floor, for the officiating teacher, while the pupils and spectators, if any, occupy seats rising successively one behind the other. As the worship in which the deaf and dumb can share must be addressed to the



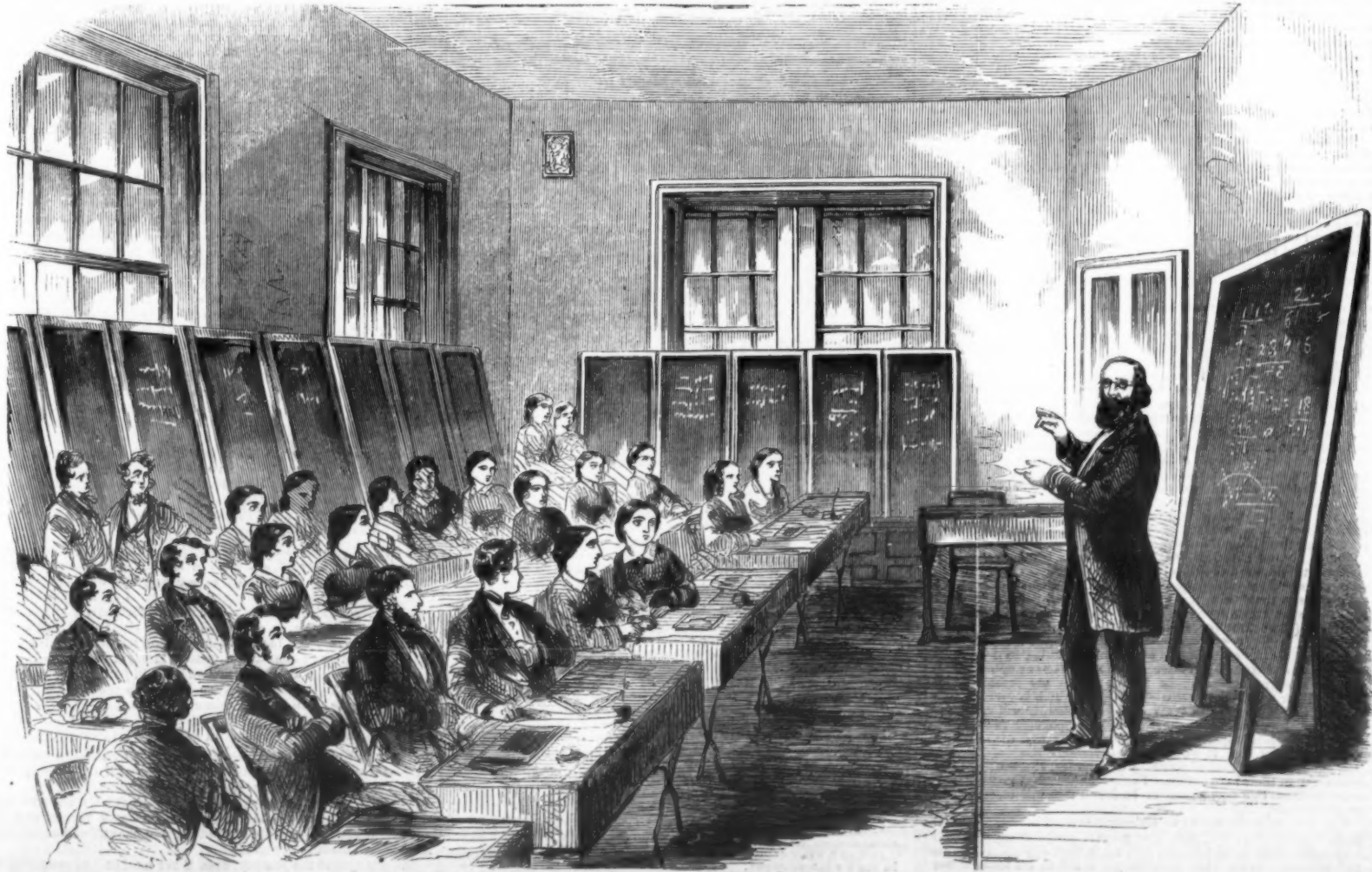
DINING-ROOM IN THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM—THE SCHOLARS, ETC., AT DINNER.

eye only, care is taken that every eye in the congregation can rest with ease on the platform, and that the light should be thrown that way. The pupils have access to the chapel by corridors from their respective sitting-rooms, each department entering by its own door; and after the morning prayer and explication by signs of a text of Scripture, each department passes along another corridor to the school-house. At the close of school each day the pupils reassemble in the chapel, are dismissed by prayer, and return to their respective wings by the corridors. The same corridors also give access to the dining-room under the chapel. From the front building the access to the chapel is by the great staircase. In this chapel, besides the religious exercises by which school is opened and closed each day, public worship in the language of gestures, intelligible to all the pupils, is held every Sabbath. Here also public examinations on certain days of the year are held.

The cost, including the shops, gas-house and steam-warming and ventilating apparatus, exceeded three hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of the cost of the grounds; which last item may be regarded as a mere investment, it being probable that a few years hence it can be reimbursed, in whole or in part, by the sale of such portions of the grounds as can be spared.

To give a better idea of the magnitude of the buildings, we add that the area of the several floors in the five main buildings is very nearly three acres; about double the area of the buildings on Fifth street. As the latter were found capable of comfortably accommodating from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty pupils, it may rationally be calculated that the new buildings will afford comfortable accommodations for four hundred and fifty deaf-mutes, with their teachers and superintendents, and the necessary domestics.

The establishment of the High Class is a matter of congratulation for all friends of the deaf and dumb. Formerly the pupils, however



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM IN THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

gifted, and however ardent in the pursuit of learning and science, were compelled to leave school just when they had reached that point at which their future progress would have been easy and rapid. Now are opened to the more gifted and persevering those higher walks of knowledge hitherto seen only in the unattainable distance. The superior cultivation of the High Class moreover reacts in the classes below, producing a higher intellectual tone, a wider range of thought, and more earnest strivings after scholastic excellence in the younger classes. This class, moreover, promises to be valuable as a nursery of teachers. Of the class that graduated in the summer of 1885, more than one-half have already obtained permanent and honorable employments, as teachers of their companions in misfortune, either in this or in other institutions.

At the time of our visit of inspection, this class, then on the eve of graduating, had attained a high degree of intellectual cultivation. Their course of studies comprised algebra, arithmetic, book-keeping, history, logic, chemistry, rhetoric, English, French and symbolic grammar, natural philosophy and moral science.

The class is under the excellent instruction of Isaac Lewis Peet, A.M., Vice Principal of the institution, and son of the venerable President. As we entered the class-room Mr. Peet was demonstrating to the pupils a sum in interest, by a method of computation especially his own—one so simple and yet so accurate that we would desire to see it brought into general use in our schools.

Having finished their arithmetical exercises, the pupils, male and female, to the number of twenty, took their places at the blackboards, and chalk in hand, expressed themselves, each after his or her own fashion, of the thoughts which they wished to convey to the minds of their visitors. These compositions were marked by a choiceness of expression and a uniform feeling of gratitude towards their teachers and protectors, that did equal credit to the heads and hearts of the writers.

Biographical Sketch of Dr. Peet.

Harvey Prindle Peet was born in the little town of Bethlehem, Litchfield county, Connecticut, November 19, 1794. He was the son of a farmer, and his early advantages of education were but few. Working on a farm in the summer, and attending a district school in the winter, and fond of reading at all seasons, like many other New England boys who have worked their own way to education, and in the rough process acquired the power of working their way to subsequent distinction, he began at the early age of sixteen to teach a district school. This employment he continued during five winters, till at the age of twenty-one he had established a character for ability in his profession, which procured him the situation of teacher of English studies in schools of a higher class.

Mr. Peet entered the time honored walls of Yale in 1818, and graduated in 1822, taking rank with the first ten in his class. He designed to fit himself for the holy office of a minister, but an invitation to engage as an instructor of the deaf and dumb in the American Asylum at Hartford, gave him an opportunity of discovering his special fitness for this then new profession. Thus began that career which has proved so honorable to himself, and so beneficial to that afflicted portion of the human family in whose service his life has been spent.

Within two years after he joined the Asylum, he was selected as its steward, an office giving him the sole control of the household department, and of the pupils out of school hours. The duties of this post were superadded to those of the daily instruction of a class, either alone sufficient to occupy the energies of an ordinary man.

In the year 1830, the Directors of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the second American school of its kind in priority of date—which had been for years losing ground in public estimation, were awakened to the importance of placing their school on higher ground. The offices of principal teacher and superintendent, united under the title of Principal, was now tendered to and accepted by Dr. Peet, who entered on his new duties on the 1st of February, 1831. The effect of Mr. Peet's labors was soon evinced in a marked improvement in every department of the Institution, which, from that day to this, has been steadily gaining in reputation and usefulness. Dr. Peet has been twice married.

Dr. Peet, as we have mentioned, has been a large contributor to the literature of deaf-mute instruction, beside various addresses and reports which he has produced from time to time. He is the author of the curious article on the "Notions of the Deaf and Dumb before Instruction, especially on Religious Subjects," which appeared in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for July, 1855.

Dr. Peet throughout his whole public life has ever maintained a most estimable character as a Christian gentleman. As the head of an institution, as a teacher, as an accomplished master of the language of pantomime, and as a leader and energetic laborer in all movements for the benefit of the common cause of deaf-mute instruction.

The extent of Dr. Peet's labors, we think, will be best apparent to our readers, when we lay before them, in a condensed form, his

System of Instruction.

as given by himself.

The reader should first understand that, though some of the pupils, having learned to read before becoming deaf, bring with them more or less knowledge of language, yet these are not properly deaf-mutes. Technically, they are called *semi-mutes*, and possess the great advantage that to them words are what they are to other men—sounds, heard or recollected, of which written words are mere representatives. Deaf-mutes, properly so-called, are those whose education was once held in possible, and is still, with all the lights of science and experience, sufficiently difficult.

The misfortune that cut them off in childhood from the acquisition of speech, not only deprived them of all that mass of traditional knowledge, of which speech is the treasury and the vehicle; but, which is worse, deprived their mental and moral faculties of a fair chance for exercise and development, and caused them to grow up with habits of thought different from those of other men. When they come to school, they have usually a development of ideas; but far inferior to, and quite different from that of speaking children of the same age and native capacity.

The dialect of gestures which each deaf-mute possesses when he first comes to school, is usually crude and scanty. But in a very brief time after their arrival, they learn by mere usage, the expanded and improved dialect which they find in use among the older pupils. In thus learning a superior mode of communication, their ideas acquire a considerable development, and also become more precise. Of this expanded and improved dialect, the teacher avails himself to impart new ideas; to define words; to explain the forms of language; to acquire moral control over his pupils; and to communicate—which is done within the first few weeks—the simple rudiments of religious truth. There seems, however, to be a great mistake abroad, in supposing the language of signs to be one of the ends of instruction. It is simply a means. If we had to teach this language to deaf-mute pupils, at least with even a small proportion of the labor which is required in teaching a language of alphabetic words, we should not think the advantages to be derived from it would pay for the added labor of teaching two languages instead of one. It is because deaf-mutes learn this language spontaneously and use it among themselves, in preference to words, that we avail ourselves of it to lighten and shorten the labor of defining words and explaining their laws of construction.

We do not, as De l'Epée did, and some few teachers at the present day still do, seek to make our pupils associate every word with a sign, either taken from their colloquial dialect, or specially devised to represent that word, technically called methodical signs. The idea that such signs are necessary to stand between written words and ideas (as spoken words do for those who hear), that is, that a deaf-mute, seeing a written word, must actually or mentally substitute a sign for it, before he can attach any meaning to it—now finds very few advocates. The better and more prevalent opinion is, that the deaf-mute pupil should be led to attach his ideas directly to words, either under their written form, or, which is probably easier for him, under the form of the manual alphabet, in which words are spelled out by positions of the fingers corresponding to each letter. Had we a syllabic alphabet, sufficiently simple and easy of acquisition for general use, it would greatly facilitate the learning, retention and rapid repetition of words by deaf-mutes, and thus be of great advantage in their instruction. Such alphabets have been proposed—and perhaps one may hereafter be found that will commend itself to general use.

The deaf-mute, as we have already noted, thinks, at least when he first comes to school, mainly in mental images of objects, clothed with their proper qualities, and moving in their appropriate attitudes and actions. Hence when he attempts to attach his ideas to words,

it is these mental images that have to be attached to words. As he thinks in a series of mental pictures, we choose for his first lessons, words and phrases adapted to describe such pictures, whether of single objects or groups; e. g., a horse; a white horse; two white horses; a white horse running; a boy riding a horse; a little boy riding a white horse; and so of other objects, qualities and actions.

When a certain number of such words and phrases have become familiar, each recalling a mental image of an object or group of objects, we introduce the idea of assertion and time, by which the verb is produced. This part of speech we present first in the two forms, explaining each other by contrast, of the habitual present—a boy plays often; and the actual present—that boy is playing now. The idea of assertion, which is the essence of the verb, is brought out more prominently by contrasting the affirmative and the negative—that boy is playing; that girl is not playing. There is not, in the colloquial language of signs, anything corresponding to tense—the time of an action or event being stated, once for all, the only distinctions afterwards made are to explain the order and sequence of the successive actions or events. Hence it is that the tenses and other grammatical forms, like them having nothing corresponding in the pupil's colloquial language of signs, e. g., the pronouns, are a difficult study for deaf-mutes, and occupy a large part of the teacher's attention during several years of his course. It is held important that they should have, at the outset, clear ideas of the nature and use of each tense taught them. This can only be secured by teaching the principal tenses in such a way that they shall mutually limit and shed light on each other. For instance, either by an actual example, or by a picture, the pupil's attention is directed to two girls carrying baskets of strawberries, and he is made to write, "Those two girls have picked, are carrying, and will sell strawberries." In this way, he comes to attach correct notions to the mere forms of language indicating tense, as also to those forms denoting interrogation, case, comparison and other grammatical relations.

We shall be rendering a service to the families of unfortunate deaf-mutes throughout the country by publishing here the

Terms of Admission.

1. Pupils are provided for by the institution in all respects, clothing and travelling expenses excepted, at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars each per annum. Clothing will also be furnished by the institution, if desired, at an additional annual charge of thirty dollars. Payment is required semi-annually in advance.

2. The regular time of admission is at the close of the vacation, which extends from the second Wednesday of July to the first Wednesday of September. No pupil will be received at any other time, except in very extraordinary cases.

3. No deduction will be made from the annual charge, in consequence of absence, or on any account whatever, except sickness, or for vacation.

4. Pupils are at liberty to reside, during the vacation, in the institution, without extra charge.

5. Applicants for admission to be educated at the public expense, should be between the ages of twelve and twenty-five years. The institution will not hold itself bound to receive any not embraced within this rule, but may do so at discretion.

6. Satisfactory security will be required for the punctual payment of bills, and for the suitable clothing of the pupils.

7. Application from a distance, letters of inquiry, &c., must be addressed, post-paid, to the President of the institution. The selection of pupils to be supported at the public expense is made by the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Albany, to whom all communications on the subject must be addressed.

8. Should objections exist to the admission of any individual, the board reserve to themselves, or their officers, a discretionary power to reject the application.

The above terms are to be understood as embracing the entire annual expense to which each pupil is subjected. Stationery and necessary school books are furnished by the institution. No extra charge is made in case of sickness, for medical attendance, medicine, or other necessary provisions.

Exhibition of 1880.

On Wednesday, the 18th inst., the forty-first annual exhibition of the pupils of the Institution was held. The exercises took place in the chapel, already described, which was filled with a highly respectable audience. At three o'clock the pupils entered in procession to the chapel, the girls all dressed in white, while the boys wore dark suits of different colors, indicative of various degrees of merit.

Rev. Dr. Peet opened the proceedings by addressing the audience. He said, "that in the good providence of God they were brought to the close of another academic year. The health of the Institution was good; although there had been thirty or forty cases of measles, yet there had been no death during the year. The children numbered three hundred and five, divided into fifteen classes, each under a special teacher. The exercises this evening would be confined to the highest class. The pupils embraced all degrees of intellect; there were those who scarcely have any knowledge of God, and those who were far advanced in religious knowledge. The class that would now be examined was under the instruction of Isaac Lewis Peet, and had been in the Institution for ten years."

Three young ladies and three gentlemen then ascended the platform, accompanied by Professor Peet. He requested the audience to furnish a word to each of the pupils as the basis of a composition which he would request them to write. While the graduates were composing their themes, Mr. Peet made some judicious remarks upon the various systems of teaching the deaf and dumb, and proceeded to read extracts from several compositions of the class, which were prepared at their leisure. One young gentleman, who evidently possessed more than common mental power, wrote an able composition on the present war in Italy, in which he gave it as his opinion that a great battle would be fought on the banks of the Minio, and if so, he predicted that the Allies would win a glorious victory. He was then asked what he had been doing for the last few days; and when informed that the papers had given an account of a great battle on the Minio, he smiled, and appeared much gratified that his prediction had been verified.

A gentleman graduate recited Coleridge's "Mont Blanc," in the sign language, with marked effect, and was deservedly applauded. Mr. Robert G. Parker, from the Committee appointed by the Legislature to examine the Institution, read a lengthy report, stating, in effect, that the Committee had made the examination and found the Institution in a high state of efficiency, and well worthy of support. This report was rendered to the pupils, by means of signs by Mr. Peet, as fast as the words were pronounced by Mr. Parker.

Mr. George Folsom read the report agreed to by the Board of Directors, awarding the several prizes and diplomas.

The Valedictory, written by Mr. Albert A. Barker, a pupil of the High Class, at the request of his class mates, was then read by Mr. Peet, and rendered by the author.

Diplomas were then delivered to the following persons, most of whom are about twenty years of age: To those who have completed a seven years' course: David Fay Tillinghast, Henry Alvord Russell, Alfred Orren Crandall, Jeremiah Shumway, William Freeman, John Scantell, Elijah Hakeman, William Lyman, Henry Foxenden, Charles Sweet, William H. B. Bower, George Harrison Hunt, Samuel Harvey Kee, Lewis Henry Brophy, Felix Fernandez y Asmerick, Willis Hubbard, Estelias Steele, Selma Green, Elizabeth Ann Pottinger, Eliza Calhoun, Julia Corliss, Catherine B. Brown, Reathie Allen Bodie, Catherine Donovan, Sarah Elizabeth Campbell, Mary Louisa Goodrich, Susan Fitzpatrick, Catherine Saunders and Catherine Foster Brewer.

The highest grade for a full three years' course of study in the high class: William Wallace Farnum, Sidney Jefferson Vail, Charles William Frey, Albert A. Barker, John Wiescher, Gilbert Hicke, Fanny Smith, Emily Thorne, Antoinette Amelia Joyce, Susan Joanna Christy.

In the evening at eight o'clock, the pupils, and such of the visitors as chose to remain, reassembled in the chapel, when Mr. W. August delivered an oration before the Annual Association, followed by Mrs. E. F. Peet, wife of Frederick Peet, and daughter in law of the venerable President. From this very beautiful poem we select the following stanzas:

Low bending as thy shrine I come,
O sacred house of Song,
And though no sound and my voice may wake,
No low and deep-toned echoes break
That tremble round thy throne.
Perchance my hand may touch the lyre,
And bid some chord to thrill;
And though the minstrel's home land be
The realm of silence, still may she
Bring soul gifts at thy will.

Garibaldi and the European war is thus referred to:

Turn our eyes across the sea,
And though the blackening smoke of war
Dime thy blue skies, O Italy!
And thunders echo from afar;
But land of liberty and song,
Thy sufferings shall not be for long.
O, mother, worthy of thy son,
O, Garibaldi! unto thee
Shall yet re-echo the glad shout,
Our own bright Italy is free!
And speaking hearts on this bright shore,
Shall tell thy story o'er and o'er.

The proceedings were then closed.

Election Jokes.—A New York sunnier challenged a sick man's vote at a recent election, on the ground that he was an ill legal voter. Perhaps it was the same person who challenged a sighted voter because he was not natural eyes-40.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

By C. W. Reed.

The brook sings sweetest when its waves
Are lowest in their bed,
The western sun in glory bathes,
Ere night the skies o'erspread.

Thus oft, when Hope with rosy arms
Embraces the believing soul,
Bright rainbows usher in the storms,
And darkness rules the whole.

When earth seems fairest to our gaze,
And loving friends are near,
How oft the smiles their friendships raise
Are followed by a tear.

Some new-made grave unfolds the clay
Of one whose love so true
Illumed our life, as morning's ray
Lighting the drop of dew.

But when great hopes aside are cast
New joys relieve the scene,
Did midday suns for ever last,
The stars would not be seen.

The mellow light of Luna's sphere
Would never glad the eye,
Did night's dark shadows ne'er appear
To hide the sure sky.

Thus, when our hearts are light with gloe,
Prepare for disappointment's dark,
But, when it strikes, ne'er fall to see
How sadness purifies the heart.

ADA LEIGH;

OR,

THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of the "Flower of the Flock," "Snake in the Grass," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—CONTINUED.

CAPTAIN CROSSJACK returned that same evening, and brought Arthur Crossjack with him. He proved to be all the captain had said of him—handsome, possessing a clear, open and expressive face, was well built, excellent carriage, all that outwardly a woman would most admire. But he was exceedingly quiet, scarcely spoke a word to anybody, least of all to Lucy, greatly to her relief—and to Mat's. To questions he replied by a nod or a shake of the head, and in acknowledgment of observations made to him, ejaculated only either "Ah!" or "Oh!" As Lucy scarcely spoke a word to him, and looked at Mat when she did, so there occurred nothing to afflict him with the pain he had so fully anticipated.

The parents of both were not, however, so reserved. They poured out innuendoes, insinuations, made cheerful allusions to happy events; bantered Lucy, and rather badgered Arthur Crossjack, who stood it all with amusing and stolid equanimity, until they succeeded in driving Lucy from the field. Then Arthur quietly commenced smoking, and entered into a very placid sort of conversation with Mat, while Mrs. Alabaster quite flirted with Ned; and the said Ned, what with his hot and strong grog, his first-rate tobacco brought from the ship, the flattering glances, the agreeable remarks of "Molly," and the presence of his beloved, though very quiet son, was in the seventh heaven of delight.

Mat according to agreement remained there that night, but saw no more of Lucy. In the morning, under the plea of a headache, a favorite agony of hers when she wished to remain in her own room, Lucy did not make her appearance; and he set out without seeing her, save at the window as he left the house, when she appeared for a moment and then hurried away again, to escape the eyes of Captain Crossjack, who accompanied him.

On reaching Verner place they were met by Sir Gerard Verner, who received Captain Crossjack with evident gratification, although he told him that he could not himself enter into the business upon which Mr. Spencer Leigh would confer with him; but as that gentleman had not returned from Bristol, and would not for a day or two, he requested him to do him the kindness of repeating the visit. He made particular inquiries respecting the dock his ship was laying in, and the residence he had for the present chosen, and when this was done, he somewhat surprised Mat by calling him on one side and requesting him not to lose sight of the captain until Mr. Leigh had seen him.

"Mr. Leigh requires his evidence as a material witness in an important matter," he said to him, "and therefore if you can get an invitation to stay for a day or two in the house at Walham Green, it will be very desirable, and of considerable service to Mr. Leigh."

Mat hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "It would not be difficult to do so, sir; but there are certain reasons which would make the prolonging of my stay rather painful to me. Nevertheless, as it is but to be for a day or two, I will do as you wish."

"I thank you, Holyoak. The service you have rendered and the readiness to oblige you have evinced since we have been thrown together, will neither be overlooked nor forgotten," replied Sir Gerard, shaking him by the hand.

It was arranged that Sir Gerard Verner should write a note to Mat, making the appointment to see Mr. Leigh as soon after his arrival in town as would be convenient to him. So Mat and the captain returned to Walham Green. Mat had only to give half a hint respecting a desire to remain there for a few days until Mr. Leigh's arrival, to receive a very hearty invitation to stop.

Mrs. Alabaster suspected not the truth, nor did the captain, nor Arthur; on the contrary, the latter seemed to take a fancy to Mat. He was with him more, spoke to him more, and displayed more life in his society than he did in that of any of the others; notwithstanding Lucy was beautiful and his wife in *posse*. Thus three or four days passed away, without much transpiring to alter or ruffle the even tenor of their hours, save that Mat was troubled to find how sad and silent Lucy became. He knew the cause, and kept as much as possible from seeing her, and especially from being with her alone. At the end of the fourth day he received a note which ran as follows; he perused it with no little surprise:

"Friend Holyoak—Mr. Leigh is here. His daughter, I am grieved to say, is extremely ill, and he is so excited at her state that he finds it impossible at present to see any one on business, even though his fortune or life depended on it. I am sorry to add, my daughter Nell is also confined to her room unfortunately at a moment when Netty Hardress, accompanied by your sister Bella, has arrived at Verner place from Ingleby. The reason for their coming I will explain hereafter; but as at the present moment it is impossible for them to receive the attention they ought, will you kindly represent circumstances to Mrs. Alabaster, so that for a short time, at least, she will receive them into her house, or place them where they can be well and properly treated as gentlemen? I will pay all expenses which may be entailed. In haste, GERARD VERNER."

Mat, with wonderment in his face, handed over the note to Mrs. Alabaster, who, after reading it consulted with the captain, who advised her to consult with "Louise."

Mrs. Alabaster did so, and Lucy entered so readily and with such singular heartiness into the views of Sir Gerard Verner, that she actually offered to put on her bonnet and mantle and accompany Mat to fetch them to the house.

She was spared the journey, even if her mother had consented to

is, for while they were thus conferring, a carriage drove up to the door, containing Bell and Netty Hardress. Lucy made herself especially active in receiving them, and fell in love with Bell at first sight. She was Mat's sister, and therefore an angel in her eyes.

They spent a happy evening, Netty Hardress proving very vivacious, and at the close of it Arthur Crossjack, who had shone out wonderfully during it, and had scarcely once removed his eyes from Netty's face, took Mat on one side, and to his amazement, said to him, with an earnestness it is hardly possible to describe, as he pointed to her,

"If ever I get spliced, she is the only woman I will mate with!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.—UNRAVELLING THE SKEIN.

WHEN Cecil Wykeham quitted Verner Place, he gave his horse the rein, and let it, unchecked, gallop wildly along the road in any direction it pleased to take. He felt as if he was flying from himself and that flight was hopeless.

He noted not the route his horse took, he cared not; he only knew that he was flying from Verner Place, leaving behind him all of happiness he had ever hoped to secure.

It would be impossible justly to describe the mingled feelings which possessed him, and made him feel, as it were, bewildered and overwhelmed. There was a ringing in his brain, a crushing pressure on his temples, and absence of the power of arranging his thoughts, a commingling of remembrances of the past and speculations of the future, which distracted him; his hopes were scattered, his calculations—unconscious they might have been—were dissipated, his pride was wounded, his aspirations beaten down and trampled in the dust.

He was as one who had done with life, and was spurring his steed onward to that gulf on reaching which it would leap with him into eternity.

Gradually he grew more conscious of his actual situation, and was enabled to perceive that he had not only permitted his horse to take his way unobserved, but that the animal was covered with foam, and evidently weary. He had no recollection of the length of time he had been riding, nor had he heeded the pace at which his nag proceeded; he awoke only to a sense that he was in a green lane far into the quiet country, and that Tartar was not in a condition to proceed much further.

On reaching the end of the lane, he found himself in a main road, and was not long in reaching a roadside inn of a decent size and respectable character. His horse walked unguided into the yard, and he did not offer to stay him. He alighted, gave a few directions to the ostler to feed and groom him, and then he entered the house, and asking for a private room was shown into one. He threw down his valise, locked the door, flung himself into a chair, and laying his head upon the table, with his hands clasped over his forehead, he gave way to that burst of grief which only those can feel or recognize who have loved passionately and truly; and have had ruthlessly, hopelessly denied to them for ever the object in whom the entire expectation of human happiness is centred.

Grief, however, is not eternal; the most powerful convulsion, or the most acute agony, is but a spasm with limits to its duration. It must either slay, or pass over. Like a tremendous storm in nature, it must either sweep all before it, or subside without destroying.

So, when the violent paroxysm which had seized Cecil, and to which he had given free rein, had passed over, he rose up calm, pale, and determined. The hurricane had expended itself; it was for him now to look steadfastly and firmly at the conditions in which it had left affairs, to take them as they were, and to make the best of them.

He walked up and down the room and reflected upon his position. "The world was all before him, where to choose," as on quitting Ingleby, and he had to seek some field for his future exertions, in which he might be so actively engaged, as to leave him little or no time for distracting thoughts, and which would at the same time remove him even from the country in which Ada inhabited.

"I know," he murmured, "she will not forget me, and will always think of me kindly and tenderly. She will, she must, appreciate the sacrifice I have made, and she will feel that had I even loved her less I would not have resigned her without a prolonged and desperate struggle."

With this kind of catechising and such character of rumination, he contrived to calm down all the excitement and perturbation he had experienced after his interview with Mr. Leigh, and to address himself to the consideration of his future.

Having made certain discoveries in connection with the mystery which hung over his birth, he resolved not now to abandon them, even though the motive to establish claims to an honorable birth-right and a wealthy position was gone. He was actuated by some incentive, some inward urging to proceed in the matter he had opened in his interview with Dark Trevanion, irrespective of any natural desire to be placed in a secure condition, or those morbid feelings attending a disappointment in love, which render success, competency and comfort distasteful. He was not indeed the man to sit mauling over the memory of an abstracted idol; he could cherish the remembrance with a tenacity that neither time nor change could ever eradicate; but he could do it bravely and generously, keeping resolutely hidden from other eyes the dull never-ceasing pain which was settled in his heart.

He remained for the remainder of that day, and the ensuing night, at the inn to which his horse Tartar had conducted him; and in the morning he set forward to London, from which place he found himself distant twenty-five miles south-west.

He returned to London because he felt that that was the centre from whence he must commence his operations. He had to once again visit Ingleby, to endeavor to discover Dark Trevanion; for after his escape from St. Mark's church at Ingleby, Cecil had failed to discover him, although for that purpose he had delayed his return for several days. He had searched for him in every place where he thought it probable he would have hidden himself, and he communicated with the few whom he thought were the individuals most likely to possess Trevanion's confidence. In vain; he could obtain no tidings of him, and therefore returned to London, in pursuance of his instructions, with pretty Netty Hardress, whose face it seemed to him he had seen before. She was accompanied as arranged by Bell Holyoak, who not having yet disposed of her heart was quite ready to part with it, on condition that she could find such another handsome and gentlemanly young fellow as Cecil Wykeham to ask her for it. Indeed Cecil would have had only to ask and to have. Yet afterwards she met with one she loved from the depths of her heart, prized above all mortal men, and would not have resigned for fifty Cecil Wykehams—though fifty such might have been a strong temptation. Strange sex!

However, *revenons à nos moutons*. Cecil resolved to find out Dark Trevanion, obtain all the information from him respecting himself that he could, and ultimately, after communicating with Lacy Verner by letter, proceed to Helston, in order to obtain a sight of the document Neville Verner had left behind him, and, comparing it with his own, endeavor to extract some clue from both, which would enable him to track the means which would give both a title to peruse the contents of the mysterious packets.

It occurred suddenly to him, however, that he would visit Nabal Black, of Willesden. His uncle, before his death, had given him peculiar instructions concerning this man, and had furnished him with the letter which had disappeared from his valise in so singular a manner. Now it struck him, from the remarkable strain in which his uncle had spoken of Nabal Black, that there were some circumstances which would act upon him with a pressure to compel him to serve him, Cecil, should he need his services; but though there had been a strong injunction given, that he should ask favor of him, only as a last resort, still the very danger intimated of having transactions with him pointed to the fact that he was in some way identified with the circumstances enshrouding his origin.

One day only Cecil rested in London, and then he proceeded on his journey to Willesden, to see Nabal Black.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that he had forgotten Mat No, on the contrary he had been one of his first considerations. There had been a promise between them that they should share each other's fortunes, and fight the battle of life shoulder to shoulder, and Cecil felt no disposition or wish to depart from or evade that promise. From boyhood he had been attached to Mat; but the unexpected circumstance of his leaving Ingleby to follow his fortunes, as he easily and readily interpreted, more that he might be a helpmate to him in difficulties or distress should they arise, than from any notion that he should advance his own personal interests by being his companion, had increased his warm feelings towards him. Cecil knew the generous purpose, and he highly appreciated it; but he made no effort on the present occasion to see Mat, and he formed the determination not as yet to let him know whether he had gone. Because he was aware that Sir Gerard Verner had taken a strong liking to him; that he admired his boldness and promptness, as well as the intelligence he brought to bear on all matters with which he was entrusted, and it was therefore something more than a presumption that Sir Gerard Verner would prove a valuable friend to him. Cecil surmised, were he now to seek him out and explain—or not to explain—the circumstances under which he had separated himself from Mr. Leigh, he should, though indirectly, and against his own wish indirectly, induce him to quit Sir Gerard, and thus fling away a chance of prosperity which might never again offer itself to him. Cecil was acquainted with the clannish spirit which animated Mat, and he was sure that, although he could him—if well appreciate the sacrifice, he would not hesitate, as soon as he knew Cecil had parted for ever with Mr. Leigh, to bid good-bye to Sir Gerard Verner.

It was therefore no selfish but a commendable spirit which prevented him seeking Mat, or leaving for him a communication which would enable the latter to join him.

Cecil had some difficulty in finding the residence of Nabal Black, but when he did, and paused before the gate about to ring the bell, he found the side gate ajar. He however pulled the bell handle, and the sounds which followed seemed to have a singularly hollow and desolate tone, to continue for an unusual length of time, and to die very slowly away. Exhausted with waiting, he repeated the pull at the bell with the same result.

Then dismounting, he entered by the side gate, and passing within looked about him, returned to the gate on the inner side, unbarred it, admitted his horse, and closed it without again fastening it.

Securing Tartar to a tree, he advanced to the entrance of the house, called, but received only the echo of his own voice for a reply; he called again, but still no other reply than that which echo gave. He entered the hall, silent and deserted; he proceeded up the stairs, entered an ante-room, still without meeting a living creature. He passed on, and found himself in a library.

Here for a minute he stood still on the threshold, and gazed about him. The room was vacant; it looked gloomy and chill, yet there were indications that it had not long been deserted. Upon the high back of an old-fashioned arm-chair hung the cap and dressing-gown no doubt of the owner of the house; upon the tables were strewn masses of papers, boxes were standing in great confusion upon the floor of the room, nearly all with their lids open, and their contents, mostly documents, heaped up in one rude chaos. Chairs were dispersed or turned over, ornaments were thrown down, and the whole aspect of the room was one of the wildest disorder.

After hesitating a few minutes as to the step it would be prudent to take, he advanced to the table. Upon it stood a hand-bell; he rung it with violence, and remained motionless until long after it would have been answered, if it were to be answered at all. Not content with this, he proceeded to the staircase and repeated the summons. A shrill unpleasant echo of the ringing was all the response he obtained, and he returned to the library, and stood at the table utterly perplexed, and pondering upon the course he ought to pursue.

While thus reflecting, his eye caught the name of Frank Herbert Colville, written in large characters in the indorsement upon a folded skin of parchment. He hastily caught it up, and found on comparing it with the minutes he had made at Ingleby on his recent visit, that it corresponded with some of the papers left by his uncle in the old chest in the lumber-room at Ingleby.

Cecil had the strongest possible inclination to take possession of these documents, although he knew, *prima facie*, they were sacred from his touch. Their coincidence with those at Ingleby made his fingers itch to secure them, but his integrity said no, although he had an inward conviction that they of right belonged to him.

One course of proceeding, however, he believed was not denied to him, and that was to make a copy of each indorsement, and this, as paper and pen and ink were handy, he at once set about. He was some time over his task, but he completed it, and then taking up a piece of tape, he tied the deeds together. As he was finishing he became conscious that some one was attentively watching him.

His blood ran chill, and he looked hastily up. He saw, standing a short distance from him, an old man, partly enveloped in an old dingy white-brown cloak. In one hand he held a stick, on which he leaned, in the other he bore his hat. He had a grim bald head, which looked gray with age or dirt, and it was fringed with a cloud of dusty, drab, thin, fluffy hair. The eyes of the old man were like those of beetles, prominent and unnaturally bright, especially while they rested upon Cecil; but the rest of his features might be said to be in repose, wearing, however, an aspect which seemed to claim compassion or pity rather than awe or else.

Cecil's first impression on beholding him was that he was the man he had come to visit, Nabal Black; that he had returned from some morning call, and was now regarding with wonder the proceedings of an unexpected visitor, who had gained access to his library under exceptional circumstances. A second and more attentive inspection of the face of the old man informed him, to his unequivocal surprise, that before him stood Jothan Drax.

Banishing from his face all traces of his amazement at the unexpected appearance of one of whom he had scarcely thought since he had parted from him, he exclaimed,

"Good morning, Mr. Drax! Just arrived from Bristol?"

"Just arrived from Bristol, good Mr. Verner. Oh-o-o-h!"

"I am not Mr. Verner, I have already told you," returned Cecil. Then, musingly, he observed, "No matter, you may call me by that name if you will." Then he added, "I hardly expected to encounter you here; and for that matter I expect you did not anticipate meeting me here."

"I did not expect the—oh, o-o-h!—the pleasure of meeting you here, Mr. Verner, certainly," returned old Drax; "but—oh, o-o-h!—I am here according to our arrangement, I think."

"Arrangement! What arrangement?" inquired Cecil.

"Oh, o-o-h! to ask me such a question!" ejaculated the old man.

"You are testing me, Mr. Verner—oh, o-o-h!—testing me, sir."

Cecil looked at him fixedly for a minute, then pointing to a chair, he said, "Be seated."

The tone he adopted was one more of command than of courtesy; it had its effect upon Jothan, for he obeyed. He laid his hat and stick upon the ground, and clasping his hands together, sat in a cowering position, as though he trembled at the interrogation to which he felt he was about to be subjected.

Cecil remained perfectly silent for upwards of a minute. He listened intently to catch any sounds which might tell him whether he was likely to be interrupted by the approach of any person, and then he said to Jothan Drax:

"You have been here before many times. Do you observe any change in the appearance of the place?"

The old man gazed slowly round him, cold perspiration broke out from every pore, then in reply to Cecil's repeated question, he answered:

"I have been here several times, and Oh-o-o-o-h! I do observe

an awful change here, o-o-h! You have struck the blow. O-o-o-h I am afraid a little too soon. A—a—what have you done with him?"

"With who?" coldly asked Cecil.

"Wi—wi—with Nabal Black," responded Drax, "O-o-o-h I have seen him here, so closely guarded, so sharp, so vigilant, and now to find the place all deserted except by you—and you—you examining all his precious papers—unravelling all—all his gravest secrets. O-o-o-o-h, I see it all; the hour is come. In spite of artifice, of machination, of the long, long and persevering efforts of the most masterly cunning, the power of God is the strongest, and will prevail. Truth and justice triumph, and knavery is crushed beneath the heel! Spare me, Mr. Verner! Spare me, and I will by acting henceforward with perfect truth restore to you your own, and try to make you the fullest reparation for the wrongs you have suffered. Spare me, Mr. Verner! Spare me. I will tell all, and O-o-o-h, I have not long in the ordinary course of life to live, but don't shorten my days. I will reveal everything, I want no pay, I have wealth—ill-gotten wealth, I know—O-o-o-h, but—a—but it will last me. Spare me, Mr. Verner, and I will tell all!"

Cecil listened to this speech with tumultuous feelings. It was evident that he was on the threshold of a discovery which would transcend all his most sanguine expectations, and it was with no common exertion of control, that he remained to all outward appearance calm and imperturbable. He made no sign that he did not comprehend to what the old man really alluded, but he said to him:

"Before I commit myself by making any promise to you, give to me some proof that I may place faith in you."

"I will, I will. O-o-o-o-h, I will," returned the old man, who had been gazing upon him with uneasy eagerness. He fumbled in a deep pocket in his cloak, and ultimately produced a large packet of papers, and with hands trembling as though he had been seized with an ague, he delivered them to Cecil.

"Take them," he said, "they belong to you—to you. I feel as if a leaden tomb-lab was off my heart in handing them to you!"

"You wish me to give them to Mr. Leigh, I presume," said Cecil.

"No—no—no," returned Jothan quickly, "they are yours. Yours! I cannot be deceived in you. You are the missing child."

"The missing child!" echoed Cecil, quickly. "Of whom?" he asked, excitedly.

"Be calm, I'll tell you much you ought to know. Oh, I know you. I recognized you the moment I first beheld you!" exclaimed old Jothan; "I was sure, I was sure, O-o-o-o-h! I was sure you was he we had all lost sight of, O-o-o-o-h, and you are. Who should know it better than I. The Lord have mercy upon me!"

The old man covered his eyes with his trembling hands.

"Say, old man, whom you know me to be?" urged Cecil.

The old man groaned, and seemed convulsed; Cecil feared he would go into a fit. He shook him, and shouted in his ear. The old man rose up, and pacing the room, wrung his hands and groaned wofully.

"Speak! answer me!" again cried Cecil.

The old man waved his hand.

"You shall know all in good time," he muttered; "a few minutes and I'll speak to you."

Cecil waited with impatience, and was about to speak, when the old man turned sharply to him, and said:

"You took from me, Mr. Verner, when you were at Bristol a deed. What did you do with that deed?"

"I gave it to Mr. Leigh," he replied.

"Oh, dear, O-o-o-o-h! You should not have done so!" the old man cried, in a vexed tone.

"Why not?" inquired Cecil.

"Because it belonged of right to you," returned Jothan; "you must recover it, it is of the utmost value to you, as it would be to him if you were not living."

"But who—" interposed Cecil. Old Drax however interrupted him in turn.

"Don't check me, or divert the current of my thoughts!" he exclaimed. "I repeat, you must get that deed back. You will remember that you spoke to me of that deed you captured, being one of a set?"

"I do," answered Cecil, quickly.

"The remainder of that series I have just placed in your custody. With the one you have given to Mr. Leigh, and which you must get from him, that series will be complete," observed Jothan. "I—I—O-o-o-o-h! I admit I came hither to play false to the promise I made to you, to act with as foul treachery as a poor miserable old guilty wretch could; but the red right hand of Heaven has interposed between me and my purpose, and turned my heart to the right course. Now, Mr. Verner, there are other documents it is essential you should possess yourself of, in order to be restored fully to your rightful position. Some of them are in the possession of Nabal Black, some in the iron grip of his son; a portion—a very large and important portion—in the joint custody of Mr. Spencer Leigh and Sir Gerard; some in the hands of old Neville Verner, of Helston in Cornwall, and a batch that are missing altogether. I have a register of all when they were in the custody of one from whom they were perloined, and you shall have that register. Those, however, which were in Nabal's possession, you may as well secure. I know where they are kept."

He made his way to a corner of the room, where had stood a massive chest; he uttered a cry of despair. The chest was opened, but there were no papers such as he had mentioned within it.

"They are gone!" he cried, "they are gone! O-o-o-o-h, unfortunate! unfortunate!"

"Come here, Drax!" exclaimed Cecil, under the pressure of a sudden thought. On the old man drawing up to the table where Cecil stood, the latter pointed out to him the papers indorsed with the name of Frank Herbert Colville. As soon as the eyes of the old man lighted on them, he clasped his hands joyfully together.

"Those are the papers! Secure them! secure them!"

"Stay," said Cecil, "you mentioned other papers bearing this name; should you know the indorsements if you heard them read over?"

"To be sure—to be sure," returned the old man.

Cecil then read from his memorandums the indorsements he had copied from the deeds at Ingleby. Old Drax assured him that they were the batch that were missing.

"I have those," said Cecil, "and I will secure those, as you suggest." He took up the papers which Gilbert Black had been compelled to leave behind, and put them with the packet Old Drax had given to him, into the pocket of his travelling cloak. Then confronting Old Drax, he said, in a commanding authoritative tone:

"Now, Drax, tell me for whom you take me, and recount to me the rights of which I have been deprived."

Old Drax looked fixedly at him, and then said, in a trembling voice,

"You are—"

But here the door was flung open, and a number of individuals hastily entered the room.

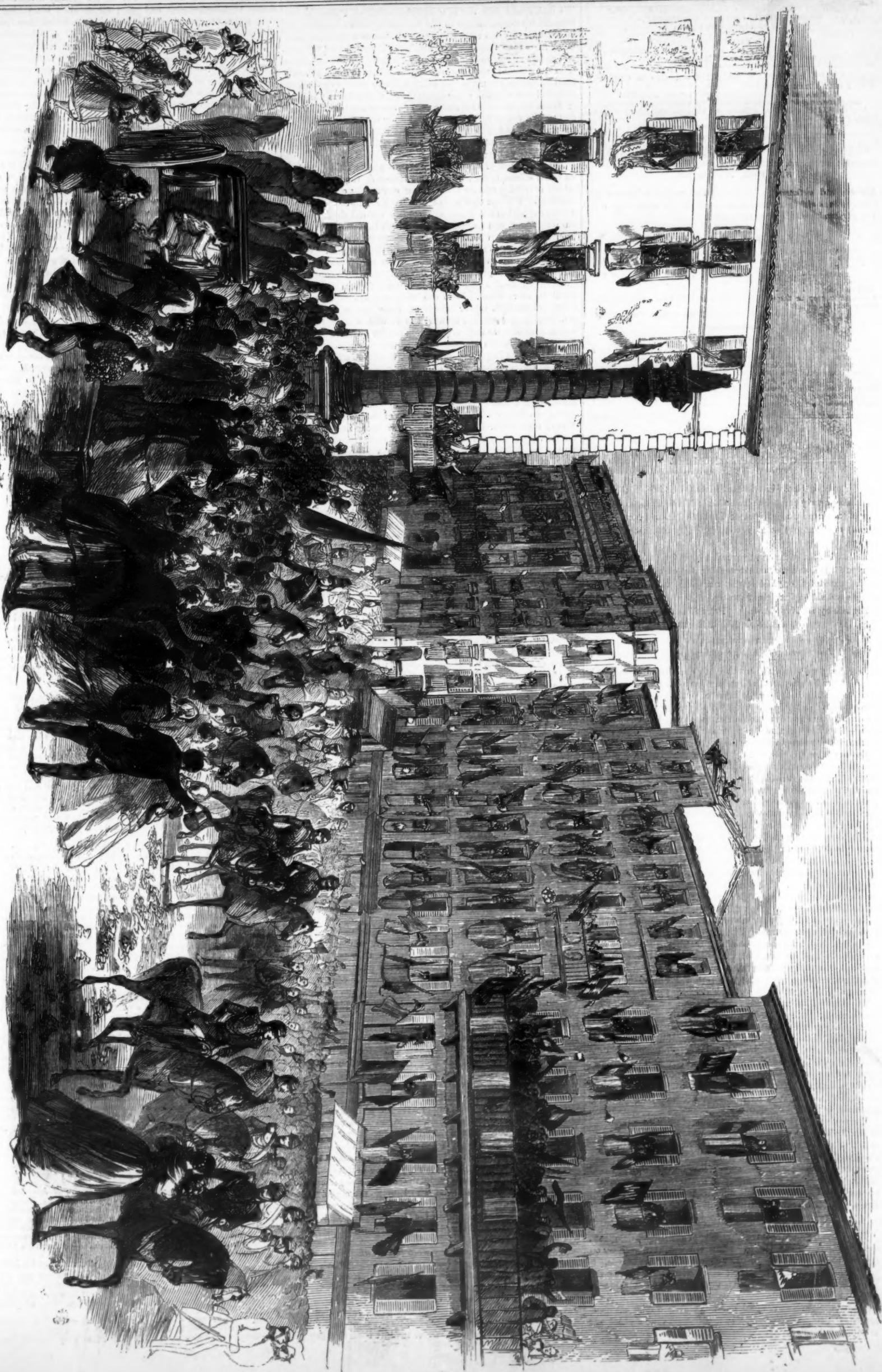
(To be continued.)

Check Curiosity.—Every man has in his own life follies enough; in his own mind troubles enough; in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough; without being curious about the affairs of others.

Recher on "Soliman People."—There are not a few who, even in his life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts, all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me, and all that passers, such a rayless and chilling look of recognition, something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met, that I have sometimes begun to sneer on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instance. I don't doubt he would cut his little's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?



VIEW OF MILAN, WITH THE CAMP OF THE ALLIES.—SEE PAGE 124.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III, AND KING VICTOR EMMANUEL ENTERING MILAN AFTER THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.—SEE PAGE 124.

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The Topics of the Week.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the chief topic of the week has been the intense heat, and many have been the discussions whether the North Pole or the Equator is the pleasantest abode. We certainly must be in the infancy of science, or we should have discovered some plan to keep ourselves cool. We can ice our water—let some ingenious inventor see what can be done to approximate our bodies to zero in the dog days.

The next absorbing topic has been the great Italian war, and, considering the mighty interests concerned, it is natural. The battle of Solferino is added to the list of Austrian defeats, and lessens the debt of vengeance due from downtrodden Italy to Austria. So long, however, as the Papal secular power remains, there will always be a nucleus for misgovernment. Some years ago Lord John Russell said that the best plan to put an end to it would be to blow up the Vatican and St. Peter's! Destroy the rookery, and the black *habitations* will fly away. This was also Garibaldi's advice in 1849, when the French troops restored Pius IX. As for art and old associations, they are worth little compared to the progress of man. In its proper place will be found a brief but comprehensive *resumé* of the war operations.

The British news is of small importance. Reform is to be quietly postponed till the war is over. The present Ministry have decided upon neutrality, but it is one capable of striking with effect should the occasion offer. Distrust of France is very excusable, since the press of that frivolous and bloodthirsty people is constantly talking of the duty of invading England. If Austria were not such a hopelessly brutal despotism, the extinction of France would be a great blessing to the human race.

The death of Rufus Choate, although expected, falls on the ear with a startling effect. A man of great mind and usefulness has gone. He was truly a citizen of whom every American might be proud. He died at Halifax on his way to Europe, whither he had intended going to restore his health. Numerous were the jokes made at the expense of his handwriting. It is said that an order he once gave to his tinman to put in a new grate was taken by mistake to a chemist, who, taking it for a physician's prescription, mixed a draught as near to the directions he supposed it contained as possible.

The coarse and personal style of some of the recent criticisms in the *Tribune* have caused lately much disgust in the public mind. Some of these young hands have also inaugurated the novelty of travelling around to trumpet forth the fact that they write these blatant paragraphs, adding, that not to know such a remarkable fact renders the ignoramus totally unqualified for the society of bipeds! Such unfledged critics remind one of Byron's verses on raw or unripe school girls,

"All poetry and splutter,
 And smelling horribly of bread and butter!"

There was a report that the President of a Railroad Company, unable to bear up any longer against the weight of murders on his line, had hanged himself. Let us hope the rumor is true.

We understand that the great ocean race, projected by the enterprising editor of the *Rebecca* yacht, had fallen through. We will not enter into the reasons which have induced the adventurous young and old salts of this club to decline the challenge. Possibly, they do not like to march through the Atlantic at any one's bidding.

A Few Words to Captain Pillsbury.

We understand that our new Superintendent of Police has announced his determination to put an end to street beggars. If he attempts this in a right spirit he will deserve a crown of gold much more than General Nye did his "house and lot," but it will not do merely to drive the really destitute and the impostors from the streets to their garrets or their cellars to die. The evil must be met in a humane and comprehensive spirit, even though it should cost as much to the city as those pet murderers Cangemi or James Stephens. Our authorities do not grudge ten thousand dollars to give a notorious criminal another chance for the life he has forfeited, and it is not unreasonable that the wretched and the destitute should have equal consideration. The sore must not be plastered over—it must be probed and healed.

The evil results of street begging are many and subtle. Among its worst effects is that gradual hardening of the public heart which inevitably follows the constant contemplation of human suffering. The first time we see a miserable half-clad wretch in winter exposed to the storm and cold, a natural shudder chills our own frame, and we instinctively do our best to relieve it; but its hourly repetition blunts the finest sensibilities, until at length the heart refuses to respond to the sympathetic appeal. We do not hesitate to avow our belief that much of our social crime springs from this gradual brutalizing of the public conscience, from the constant exhibition of that multiform misery which stands in every street. Who can walk a dozen steps without seeing women with tender infants on their laps, in the artificial and stupefying drowse of opium? It is well known that one half at least of these unhappy children are let out at so much a day to these female Herods, to be slowly slaughtered for the purpose of extorting alms from the few, whose souls have not yet become callous to the dictates of humanity.

And even should these poor little outcasts not perish in this terrible ordeal of Godfrey's Cordial and exposure to the elements, what a ghastly prospect is theirs! The education of the streets can only end in the grim repose of the jail, and the last days of these neglected waifs of God's own image are worse than the first. Starting as it may sound, two thousand children are thus sacrificed every year to the murderous imposture of street begging, or, should they live through it, they become either wantons or thieves, thus revenging upon society its own neglect and callousness.

We therefore maintain that, to eradicate this fearful evil, it is necessary to put an end to the cause. The child belongs to the State the very minute the parents are unable to train it in its duties, or when they commence educating it for crime. Is it necessary to wait till this neglected creature takes somebody's life or purse before the State recognizes its existence? Such a doctrine is a trap for crime. The duty of the community is to take the child thus abandoned by the parents—to receive the woman who appeals to the world for bread—to appropriate to itself the labor of the man who surrenders to its mercy. The child and woman should be snatched from vice and destitution; the man should be made useful. Poverty is certainly no crime, but begging is a voluntary abnegation of individual independence. As no child can have its cake and eat it, so no citizen can call upon his fellow to support him without for the time forfeiting some of his free agency. This subject, however, is too important to be dismissed in a brief article—we merely on the present occasion, observe that the authorities should clear the streets of beggars, not by driving them into holes and corners, like rats and vermin, to perish, but by providing shelter and food for the infant and the aged, and work for the able-bodied. At all events, let us snatch from destruction those miserable children who are now training for the penitentiary or the scaffold.

The Sabbath Question.

Will the world never learn that in the rolling of ages we change mentally and physically, and that it is about as sensible to blame nature for her changes as to blame man for his? The nations of to-day are no more mentally the nations of ten centuries gone, than the hills, the valleys and the seas, the geographical structure of which must change with time. The customs that suited our forefathers are by us discarded, the laws that governed them cannot govern us. Nothing is immutable.

We are led to these remarks by hearing of the excitement created in the usually quiet city of Philadelphia, where they have been making an attempt to enforce the Sabbath Act of 1794, a law created to suit local purposes over sixty years since. This is no new question, nor is it one potent to Philadelphia. We believe that in some shape, fanaticism on the one hand, and universal liberty on the other, is keeping the question of freedom to rest upon the Sabbath day in a state of agitation almost over the Christian world.

We think even the most bigoted will scarcely deny that it will do us but little harm to turn our eyes to England—good, practical, hard-headed, hard-handed England—that upon any mooted point we may see how she acts, and what her legislation is. If we do so, we will see that she has found it necessary, more than policy, in fact, to give great licence to Sabbath laws, and permit travelling, amusements, both public and private, and every relaxation for her working classes. She has done this on the simple knowledge that any prohibition will only drive her people into more hurtful channels, leading to drinking and other private vices. As an example of this, let us point to the agitation of a few years since, when the bands were not allowed to play upon the public parks of London, and ask even the most intolerant whether they will believe that the yielding in this case to the Anti-Sabbatarians has been productive of one more fraction of vice or immorality in the public who listen to the music. If so, then let us call upon the authorities of Washington to stop the playing of the Marine band upon the Capitol Square on Saturday afternoons, let us stop Dod worth from performing in our streets, and let us stop music altogether.

We are the farthest from any advocacy of whatever favors of agerianism, but we can see nothing in this ultra-Sabbath movement but the action of the rich against the poor, not of the great body of the rich, but of that snivelling, psalm-singing portion who have insanely persuaded themselves that Christianity consists in the above accomplishments, and who would, were they so permitted, impose the blue laws of Connecticut in all their rigor. They are the very ones whose conduct upon this day will

bear no scrutiny, who give way in the privacy of their own homes to licentiousness and vice; for so shall everything be termed that imposes on others the labors from which they openly profess to wish their exemption. To them all days are alike as regards leisure, they may find amusement and relaxation at all times, and yet professing to be Christians, they will deny to their toil-worn, over-worked brother, who is for six days cooped by light in a close or smoky workshop, and by darkness in a two-roomed home in a tenement-house, with some hundreds of other perspiring, gasping humans, the privilege of breathing the free air of God's country upon the only day he is enabled to do. Faugh! out upon such Christianity, it stinks in the nostrils of all honest men.

We are well assured that law has been farther stretched to meet the views of these men than for any other purpose. We are sure that the constitutional right of all men to free opinion and action, so long as it does not violate the sovereignty of the individual, has been more violated to meet this intolerance, than for any other source of oppression. We shall take no individual instances, though they are about us every day. But in conclusion, we can only say, that it will be well for our Police Commissioners to think twice before they put in execution any obsolete laws, or create any new ones, to curtail the liberty of the working classes. We say this with special reference to the great body of our German fellow-citizens, who are, as a class, beyond reproach for their respect to law, quietness and temperance. To meddle with their peculiar way of enjoying the Sabbath, by attempting to close their places of public amusement, is as unjust as it is illegal, and we hope will meet with merited condemnation from the mouth of every law-abiding person. This is not a question alone of New York city, it is of the whole country, and as a national one should be settled now and for ever. If we can be curtailed of our personal liberty on the Sabbath to please a few fanatics, we shall soon find the prohibition extending to other days and to other things.

Increased Comfort and Safety in Railroad Travelling.

Our attention was first called to the advantages offered by the new Sleeping-cars, recently adapted by some of the important railroad lines, by the account of the perfect safety of all the travellers in said sleeping-cars during that fearful slaughter upon the Michigan Southern Railroad a week or two since. Almost every car of that doomed train held its dead or dying, but the sleeping-cars were exempt—not one of its many occupants was injured.

Our attention being thus called to the subject, we paid a visit last week to the Depot of New York and Erie Railroad at Jersey City, for the purpose of examining the cars at leisure, and judging whether or not they fulfilled the promises of the projectors and the expectations of the public.

The interior appearance of the sleeping-cars (which are always the last on the train) during the day is extremely rich and elegant. It bears no likeness to a sleeping apartment. The seats are wide and well upholstered, and the tallest man can sit facing his neighbor, without touching knees or being in any way cramped for want of room. Rich curtains are gracefully festooned on each side, the whole length of the berths, and present the appearance of a line of private boxes at some gorgeously appointed theatre. So roomy and comfortable are these cars, that no one who has regard to personal comfort would object to paying fifty cents extra for a seat therein, in preference to the ordinary passenger car.

The sleeping arrangements are most ingeniously contrived, and we say, without hesitation, that they meet every want of the tired passenger. The change from the day to the night car is effected by first turning over the cushions into the space between the seats, which forms the bedstead; then turning over the backs, which, thickly upholstered, form a spring comfortable mattress. The superintendent then furnishes pillows and clothing, closes the partitions, draws to the curtains, and the occupants can slumber as luxuriously as in their own well-appointed bed-chambers. Above the lowest and largest sleeping berth are two others, one back of and a little above the other; each furnished in the same way, and equally exclusive. These upper berths during the day are closed up against the ceiling so that they are not seen, and consequently not in the way.

The ladies' toilette department is well furnished with wash-basins, &c., and is entirely exclusive; the gentlemen's wash-room being at the other end of the cars. In winter the cars are kept warm by two stoves, one at each end; and in summer-time a perfect and complete ventilation is maintained by some eighteen spacious and scientifically constructed ventilators; so that the dust is not only excluded, but a current of cool air is always preserved. In addition to this, the windows in the upper as well as in the lower berths have compartments which can be opened or shut at the will of the occupant.

Another great improvement will be found in these sleeping-cars, namely, double bottoms filled with some material which effectually deadens the terrible racket of the train, and thus enables the travellers to hear and converse with as little effort as in a room.

The sleeping-cars on the Erie Railroad are under the immediate personal supervision of a party of gentlemen, one of the number accompanying each train, and attending himself to the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

The extra charge for a sleeping berth is only fifty cents, and when all the comforts and conveniences which we have described are considered, no one can possibly object to the moderate charge. Such conveniences, indeed, rob railroad travelling of half its weariness and discomfort; to the weak and delicate they offer a resource which will be gratefully appreciated, and to all a means of repose when wearied and worn out. As we said in our last issue, their safety alone should commend them to the patronage of the travelling public; but their comfort, cleanliness and elegance are additional recommendations which cannot fail to render them a complete success.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

One of the Effects of the War; the Newspapers it has hatched; Audacity of the Proprietors thereof—Harmonious Names regarded as Omens—Rossini's "Self"—A Touching Episode of the War; two Lovers slain in the same Battle, though on opposite sides, being Betrothed to two sisters in Paris—An Old Man's Folly and its Consequences; he Hangs Himself; an Economical Wife; Susceptibility of the Heart Feminine—A Lorette's Orthography.

PARIS, June 30, 1869.

One of the bad effects of the war here has been to call into life a host of twopenny newspapers, whose contents are entirely a re-hash of the letters of the correspondents at the seat of war, published in the leading dailies, said re-hash being, in addition, illustrated either with ancient or abortive woodcuts.

Somewhere or other the proprietors of these catchpenny concerns have examined a rare lot of second-hand wood engravings. These they adapt to the present time with an audacious audacity that is

really delightful. E. g., in these antiquarian researches they find, let us say the naval battle of Saint Jean d'Ulloa fought by the Prince de Joinville. They at once efface the caption to the picture, and write beneath it, "Arrival of the Emperor Napoleon III. at Genoa." Of course the reader, "good easy man," is delighted with the accuracy and aptness of the design, and full of gratitude towards the enterprising men who have provided it for him. Again, they unearth in some dusty corner of a newspaper store-room an ill-strated on wood of an encounter between the English and the Russians on the banks of the Tchernia, during the war in the Crimea. Presto! with a twirl of the pen this is metamorphosed into—"The Piedmontese Cavalry charging the Tyrolean Chasseurs at Montebello." Whereat the reader is again filled with a deep and grateful satisfaction.

These wretched affairs are as numerous as grasshoppers in Egypt, and to the conductors of the really valuable journals (*La Presse*, *Le Moniteur*, the *Journal des Debats*, and among illustrated papers *L'Illustration* and *Le Monde Illustré*), about as annoying. It would be almost impossible to give the names of them all, but here are a few of the most widely circulated:

Le Bulletin de la Guerre, *le Theatre de la Guerre*, *le Journal de la Guerre*, *l'Echo de la Guerre*, *l'Italie*, *l'Histoire de l'Autriche en Italie*, *le Zouave*, *le Volontaire*, *le Belorame*, &c.

Figaro rallies this order of publication very wittily, and, in view of the "tout arrive" of Talleyrand, thinks that as the war may terminate to-morrow through some splendid victory or diplomatic intervention, the compilers of these hebdomadal humbugs will find their "occupation gone." When this "consummation devoutly to be wished" does arrive, it will afford us once more a living instance of La Fontaine's prettiest fable: all these terrible lions will return to the mill again.

A little coincidence in musical nomenclature, which is singular enough, has of late much affected those honest citizens of Paris who pin their faith on omens. Thus, one of the locomotives running from Alexandria to Genoa is called Paganini, the bersagliere of the King Victor Emmanuel were transported to the latter place by the Cimarosa, while the name of the young and pretty cantatrice of the first regiment of the Imperial Guard is—Madame Rossini! Who can doubt, argues the honest citizen, of a pacific *dénouement* to the war, of the re-establishment of the national *entente cordiale*, of European harmony, in short, when we associate therewith these three harmonious names—Paganini, Cimarosa, Rossini?

And apropos of the last named: Rossini, in laying the first stone to his villa at Passy, has prepared an extensive "all" in perspective for future antiquarians. In the leaden sealed box placed in this stone he has put beside the medallion of himself a medal on which is stamped the head of Caracalla.

"Some day," says he, "there will be a wiseacre who will satisfactorily prove thereby, that I composed music in the time of the ancient Romans."

A touching incident of the war, and one of its saddest aspects, I think, is one by which two womanly hearts were widowed for ever. Last April two beautiful young girls, the pride of a worthy family of the bourgeoisie, were asked in marriage by two young men, friends, one French and the other a German, who had formed an acquaintance at the *Ecole Centrale*, which is, so to speak, a branch of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, with little difference, that foreigners are admitted there as well as Frenchmen.

These friends, who stood at the head of their school, had "proposed" to these young ladies, without ever dreaming that the overhanging rupture with Austria should come to mar their prospective happiness.

But it was written otherwise, and at the commencement of hostilities the young men were summoned to take their places under the banners of their respective countries.

After an inexpressibly touching scene the young men took leave of their fiancées. At first the German, with the promptings of a noble heart, proposed to the Parisian that he should espouse the one whom he loved, to which the latter passively listened. But to this the sisters, resolute women if ever there were any in this world, objected. "No," said the younger, "I could not marry Alfred and see his friend set out for the battle-ground desolate and alone."

"Nor," added the elder, "can there be any marriage when the brothers-in-law, our husbands, may cross swords on the plains of Lombardy, when one may perish by the hand of the other. Let each of us here do our duty; you, dearest Hermann, in the Austrian camp and for your country, and you, Alfred, under the flag of France and for France! If, in the end, the God of all people and of all armies spares you from fratricide, if He restores peace to your arms and to ours, if some day our countries are again peaceably united, return, and you will find us both devoted and faithful!"

Then with an almost heart-rending adieu the friends parted from their betrothed, embraced each other and separated, each to join the army of his country. They were both killed in the same battle, and their dead bodies were picked up on the field of carnage, not twenty feet apart!

Last year an old wheelwright, residing in the outskirts of Paris, committed the folly of marrying a girl young enough to be his granddaughter. Young blood is hot, and its vagaries are not to be accounted for. Old December had a wretched time of it, finally saw what a fool he had been, grew desperate, and concluded that the best way to shorten his misery was to hang himself. This he did. The frivolous young wife, by chance entering the barn, sees her husband suspended in mid air from a beam. Woman-like, she utters a piercing shriek. The farm laborers hasten to the spot, and one of them, running up a ladder, takes out his knife to cut the rope, in the hope that the poor devil of a husband is not yet entirely dead. Quick does "lovely woman" stay that preserving arm, and exclaim, "Don't, Jean! don't cut the rope; we can't use it again if you do!"

Who shall doubt after this the susceptibility of the female heart? French *lorettes*, you know, though very ready to learn the lessons of love, seldom turn a deaf ear to the less agreeable tasks of the schoolmaster. A recent *demi-monde* characteristic, an anecdote which those of your readers who understand French will greatly appreciate: One of these women, whose early education, especially in the matter of orthography, had been sadly neglected, seeing a French dictionary on the table of one of her friends, exclaimed, in a voice which betrayed the liveliest joy,

"With the aid of this book I can now write French correctly."

"You think so?" asked her friend laughingly.

"Certainly; it is simple enough, for you only have to look for the word that you want. For instance, I want to write, 'J'ai fait faire mon portrait; l'artiste qui l'a peint l'a très-entièrement réussi.' (I have had my portrait painted; the artist who painted it has made it a very successful one.) I look for the words one after the other, and I find this, 'Gentil fer mon port tres; lard tasse quille lapin la treize aus tiers min re ut si.'"

Mademoiselle had copied the pronunciations of the words instead of the words themselves; hence her mistake.

FRANÇOIS.

LITERATURE, NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

To REGULATE the public into an afternoon's forgetfulness of this decidedly heated term, DEBISSEY AND PROCTER, 508 Broadway, have issued another volume of their interesting and valuable serial work, the *Household Library*, a work, by-the-by, which should be in every reading man's house. The new volume contains *The Life of Milton*, by Professor Masson, of the London University, together with an *Estimate of his Genius and Character*, by Lord Macaulay. This joint work of two men so eminent in literature is, indeed, well worthy of perusal. The life, in its brevity, necessarily presents but little of the minute details of the career of the great English poet, but it is so carefully prepared that no point in the remarkable picture is lost. It is, in fact, a copiously condensed (if we may use the term) history of one of the greatest poets of any age or nation, in which every one must take a warm and deep interest.

Lord Macaulay's portion of the work is a splendid tribute to the greatness of his subject. Elegant, forcible and glowing, it is a faultless specimen of writing, and is as profound in its deductions as it is generous in its enthusiasm. This is one of the most interesting of the many volumes comprising the *Household Library*.

We have received from J. T. LLOYD, of Philadelphia, a book with the following terrible title, *Our Press Gang; or, a Complete Exposition of the Corruptions and Crimes of the American Newspapers*, by Lambert A. Wilmer, (ex-editor). The title, we confess, alarmed us, and we half feared to open the volume, lest in the indiscriminate slaughter of the innocents, our eyes might light on our own name or that of some intimate friend. But we braved the risk, and

looked through the book, finding to our satisfaction that we were not included in that "Press Gang," which Mr. Wilmer specially and so unmercifully handles without gloves. The work bears internal evidence of having been written under an impulse of mortified feeling, under a sense of injuries received, and aspirations unrecognized and position refused. His personal experience has certainly been unfortunate and has undoubtedly embittered his feelings, and has led him to view the whole order with suspicion, and so biased his judgment that he can see no good in any of the tribe of ready writers.

If Mr. Wilmer has laid himself open to the charge of indiscriminate condemnation, it must at the same time be admitted that he has written down very many bold and bitter truths. He has ably and without hesitancy exposed the many foul blots which degrade and disfigure the character of the press of America, and cause it to be looked upon by foreign nations with contempt, and not unfrequently with disgust. He has exposed these things fearlessly, and we regret to say that much which he advances will admit of no denial.

We cannot enter upon all the points discussed in our *Press Gang*; it must suffice to say that his "charges" involve the moral character of nearly all the secular press of America, and, we regret to say, we fear that the thinking public in all parts of the country will endorse, as truth, nine-tenths of his accusations. We do not purpose to take up cudgels for the editors of the journals specially indicated by Mr. Wilmer. Such journals being able to take care of their own characters and business. The hits so hard and telling will, in all probability, be returned with interest. Mr. Wilmer's remarks upon the component parts of the various editorial corps, pointing out the vast preponderance of foreign alien writers thereupon, are pertinent and well worth reading.

On the whole, it is a curious and entertaining book, which will be extensively read, for the public like scandal, and have but little affection for the press as a body.

SHELDON & Co., 115 Nassau street, have sent us a very valuable and interesting work, entitled *The China Mission*, by William Dean, D.D., twenty years a missionary to China. The contents of the book comprise a history of the various missions of all denominations among the Chinese, with biographical sketches of deceased missionaries. The statistics will be found highly interesting, also the chapters relating to the habits and customs and general social life of the Chinese people. Mr. Dean has had both ample time and opportunity for studying this singular nation, and what he has written may be received as authority upon a subject which increases every day in public interest. As new sources are opened up to our commerce in the land of this exclusive and barbarian people, a more intimate knowledge of their nature, habits and institutions becomes a necessity, and the work before us forms a valuable addition to that needed knowledge. To all those interested in missionary labors, and their name is legion, this book will specially commend itself.

Personal.

HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES has become entirely reconciled with his wife, and is now living with her in marital relations as before the death of the late Philip Barlow Key.

AS MESSRS. STONE and FENNER, the artists, were sailing one morning of last week in the *Narrows*, a sudden flaw caused the boat and seriously endangered their lives. After floating in the water some time, the boat, after energetic exertions, was righted, and the artists escaped to shore.

THE daughter of the late Joseph Charles of St. Louis, in order to express her sacred regard for the memory of her father, has given \$20,000 to endow the Professorship of Physical Science, in Washington College, Fulton, Missouri. The endowment of the chair was an object very near Mr. Charles's heart during the latter part of his life.

MR. FIACONANI, who is now in Paris, has recently had among his sisters the Marquis de Bussy, better known as Byron's beautiful Countess Guiccioli. A letter from Paris says: "She has the same beautiful golden curls, with not a thread of gray to mar their lustre, beautiful teeth, and the liveliest dimpled shoulders! But, with true womanly pride she begged Fiagonani to paint her as she was and not as she is, and he has been so happily inspired that he has painted her as she would believe the portrait had been painted when they were both young in sunny Italy."

MUSICAL.

THE Great Festival at Jones's Wood—This great festival—a seven days' festival, from Monday to Sunday—is now in full operation. The distinguished success of Max Maretzek and Anschutz in their festivals of last year at the same place gave rise to the present great undertaking, which will prove we are certain, a far greater success than has ever attended a similar enterprise.

The preparations for this monster musical festival are on a scale of grandeur worthy the occasion. The mammoth concert orchestra and choral societies will be conducted by Carl Anschutz, Bergman, Stoeckel, Grill, Unger, Frox and Max Maretzek a combination of the best conductors in the country. There will be a mammoth pyrotechnic display (the programme changed every evening), from new and gorgeous designs, arranged expressly for this festival, by Joseph G. and Isaac Edge, Jun. In addition to the immense musical and pyrotechnic entertainments the following attractive performances will be given free of charge: Tournaire's Mammoth Circus, including the renowned primiere, Madame Louise Tournaire, Mlle. Josephine, Mr. J. Neville, Mr. W. J. Smith, Figueor Fell's Circus, Signor William and George Carlo, and the infant wonder of the age, the renowned Petite Freerick, &c., &c.; Carolal of Magic, by "Card va, the Wizard of the World; Antonelli's Neapolitan Punch and Judo; Jernell's Italian Fantom of Marionettes; Great Ascension Acts by the Carlo Family; Flight of Balloons. For the daily ball chamber, Hirschman's celebrated band, conducted by Mr. Hirschman, will perform on the grand platform for dancing. There will also be three other orchestras for dancing, viz: "The Washington Band, T. G. Atkins; the Brooklyn S. art Band, Stuart; the Viola D'Amour Band, Schwartz. At dusk the grounds will be brilliantly illuminated with calcium lights, which will also be placed in all the avenues and approaches to the garden. Notwithstanding the immense expense incurred for the production of this mammoth festival, the price of admission to the whole of the entertainment will be only twenty five cents.

No one who lives out of door amusements will be able to resist such a host of striking attractions, in addition to the fresh and healthful air and the golden sunlight. Everybody will meet everybody worth knowing, for no one who is worth knowing could possibly be absent from Jones's Wood upon the gala days of thorough enjoyment and delight.

There are a thousand means of conveyance by railroad, steamboat, city cars, &c., &c., and all at the most reasonable price. Messrs. Maretzek and Anschutz deserve the thanks of the public for affording them such a means of pleasant and rational enjoyment. Let everybody go to day and to-morrow, and as long as the festival lasts.

DRAMA.

Metropolitan Theatre.—The summer season is over, and the doors of this beautiful theatre are once more closed. Why is it that the public cannot be induced to go to this house? Surely it is the best and most comfortable theatre establishment we possess, and yet from the start it has languished for want of patronage. During the short season just ended a combination of unusual excellence was offered, the vestibule was perfumed with flowers and cooled by a pretty fountain, and yet we fear that the balance will be found on the wrong side when the books are closed. We understand, however, that, undaunted by reverses, the owners of the building are about to make still other and extensive alterations, preparatory to handing over the management of the establishment to Messrs. Stuart and Burroughs, and we most sincerely trust that their liberality will be appreciated by the public. It will take some time though, as we have the most undoubted attractions, to regain the confidence of the theatre-going public, which was so outrageously trifled with during the mismanagement of a certain great comedian—a gentleman, by the way, whom a contemporary pronounced "the best of comedians and the worst of managers."

Leira K.ene's Theatre.—"Gilda; or, Which is My Husband?" a comedy well known to New York audiences, has been the attraction here since our last, which, together with another old favorite, the "Invisible Prince," has brought together as many people as could be reasonably expected during the day-days, or nights rather. We hear that the enterprising sisters intend, however, to carry their season through the month of July, and now that they have the field to themselves, it is quite probable that they may make it pay. Madame K.ene is taking new strength with her pure air of the mountains of Pennsylvania, and will, no doubt, return to the field of her triumphs to inaugurate and carry through a season of distinguished brilliancy. She is understood to have expressed a determination to ignore the old comedies, with which New Yorkers have been bored to death for the last twenty years, and in their stead offer only plays that the spirit of the time demands; convinced that by such a course she will not only merit but command success.

Palace Garden.—This charming summer resort is at present in the full tide of success, and is actually a necessity to those who cannot see the green trees and hear the rippling of waters in the country. Here one almost forgets the glaring red brick walls and the burning flags, and for an hour or so istens to sweet music, and watches the happy crowd with a sense of real pleasure. By the way, what an "institution" in New York Mr. Thomas Baker has become! Like the king's, his name is a "tower of strength," and a wave of his baton is all sufficient to collect about him an army of dancers. He is, without doubt, the very best conductor for popular music that we ever had amongst us, full, strong, and unexcelled.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

Hen Immortality.—A wag gives in proof that a hen is immortal, that "her son never sets."

Such an Excuse.—A down-east girl being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one leg, she replied to them very smartly, "Pooh! I wouldn't have a man with two legs; they're too common!"

The Trade Always.—A Yankee captain was caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that situation, he replied, "I thought he would make about forty barrels."

Paradise for Poultry.—At a hotel one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor: "This must be a healthy place for chickens."

"Why?"

"Because I never see any dead ones about."

Mrs. P.'s Relatives.—"How is it that so many women are going to Boston?" "Oh," said one of the party inquired of, who is a second cousin of Mrs. Parlington, "here ain't the whole: Polly is coming along to bring up the career." When the field lamp gives out, the old daisies in the habit of saying to her husband, "James, bring up the daisies of Alcehora."

Affliction.

Up in Padunk, where the thistle
Blooms, dies and rots.
Where the winter whirlwinds whistle
All round the lot—

Lives the slickest gal you ever,
Saw in all your life;
Ankle like a blue beech lever,
Voices like a d's.

As I sat by her courtin',
Calm and serene—
With her apron she was sportin',
Checked and clean.

Mingled was our hash together;
All day we sat,
A chawin' gum in wintry weather,
Happy as fat.

And I stuck to her like teales,
Summer and fall;
But she went off with the measles,
Ankle and all.

Two Ways of Looking at It.—The Audubon Club have become the recipients of a golden eagle and a stuffed wild cat, presented by the Hon. J. A. Minkard, of St. Charles, Ill.—*Harvard*.

We received a "golden eagle" a few days since, and a "wild cat" also, in payment for a club of ten country subscribers. We "stuffed the wild cat" in our pocket—the eagle has taken to itself wings and flung away. We don't send such trophies to the Audubon Club, we don't—*Bungtown Banner*.

Chatter the Lord.—An Irish Pagan, who no doubt wears his waistcoat buck and front the same, has written the following poem on modern ecclesiastical architecture:

"They puts a front up to the street,
Like old Westminster Abbey,
But thin they always thinks to chatter the Lord,
And bulks the back part shabby."

Different Classes in the Community.—Quaint old Faller says: "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

Time.

Time was, is past, thou canst not recall;
Time is, thou hast, employ the portion small;
Time future, is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee.

Consistency.—The same ladies who would faint to see a man's shirt on a clothes line will, in a wallis, lovingly repose their heads on the bosom of the same garment when the man is in it!

Family Recipe.—How to get ink out of linen. Jerk an editor out of his shirt. Don't experiment on us.

Vane to a Spire.

"Sweet Vane," the Zephyr softly cried,
"Can you love me as I love you?"
Smiling the beaut'ous Vane replied,
"I shall not change while you are true."

Feets and Fools.—Swift wrote many sharp epigrams, of which the following is a specimen:

"Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you, yourself, may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet!"

De Mystery.—Two darkies had bought a mess of pork in partnership, by Sam, having no place to put his portion, consented to trust the whole in Julius' keeping. The next day they met, when Sam says: "Good morning, Julius; anything happen strange or mysterious down your way lately?"

"Yass, Sam; most strange affair at my hoies yesterday night—all mystery—all mystery to me!"

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, I tote you now. Dis'morning I went down into de cellar to fetch a piece of pork for dis darky's breakfast, and I put my hand down to de brine, felt all round, but no pork dar—ill gone. Couldn't tell what become of it, so turned up de bar'l; and Sam, true as presching, de rats had eat a huls clean froe de bottom ob de bar'l, and dragged de pork all out!"

"Yaw, yaw, yaw!" says Sam, but reserving himself, "why didn't de brine run out ob de same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery!"

A Woman's Opinion.—If a man felt it a humiliation to have offered a woman his heart, and have her just and honest enough to refuse it, because she cannot give love for love, then that man is not worth regard; he does not merit his name. And you forget that it is always in a man's power to define and fix his own position; he can ask. But what can that woman do, who, in ignorance and simplicity, believing a man's deeds give her heart and soul away with pure faith and fervor, and is never satisfied in her choice by the seal of a man's words? For you know as well as I do, that men will deliberately and consciously lead women on to love them, whom they have not the least idea of marrying.—*From a Lecture*.

Reversing the Figures.

Maria, just at twenty, swore
That no man less than six feet four
Should be her chosen one;
At thirty, she is glad to fix
A spouse exactly four feet six
As better far than none!

Popping the Question.—The Cleveland Plaindealer has a correspondent, one Artemas Ward, who is not much on spelling, but powerful in description.

He gives the following episode in his courtship experiences: "Gaww—just in a nod & sentimental mood tonight, I chivv at last Id heart the Muse & did so try to do, but the Muse refused to be courted & so my sheets I'll let my tawns express themselves in prose. At an sparkling of courtier, reminds me of how I wooed and won Mrs. A. Ward, while I de way will intere t readers of yure valuable paper. Tress a calm still nite in Joon, when all nat-r was husat & nary Ziffer disubbed the serene silence. I sat with the obje of my hart's affekshuns on the f-ase uv der daisy's pastur. I had experiened a bucker arter her for some time, but derunt proem me ma pushua. wall e set hart on the f-ase a seleibru of our lie's 2 & frow & blushin as red as de Baldwinville skule house when it was first paind, & Lotin very clupel I ma o no dowt. My nrt arm was okupie n balatunin myself on the fence, while my rite arm was woundet affekshunlly round Suzannaer's waste.

See I, 'Suzannaer, I think very much of you!'

See she, 'How you du run on!'

See I, 'I wish thare was winlers to my sole, sss you cood see sum of my feelins,' & I side deeply.

I pased here, but as she made no reply to it, I continued on in the following strains:

"Ar, could yer know the sleepin' alies I pased on yur account, how vittles has ceast to be attractive to me & now my limbs is shrank up, ya woudn't doct me not by no means. Gize on this wastin' form & these sunken in, I cried, jumpin up & I shud have continued run time longer probly, but unfornitely I lost my balance & fell over into the pastur her smilsh, larin' my close and severly damagin' myself generally. Suzannaer sprang to my assistance & dragged me 4th in double quick time. Then drawin herself up to her full lilt she sed:

"I won't listen to yur infernal nonenses any longer. Jest you say rite strait out what yu air driven at. If yu mean gittin' husat I'm in."

I considered that ar snuff for all practical purposes, & we went to the parson's at once & was immediately made 1."

Knocking down East.—When a young man steals a kiss from a Low-I girl, she blushes like a "new blown rose" and says smartly—"You don't do that twice more." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they stare up all at once, and say, "I should think you would be ashamed."—*Essex*.

The Lawrence girls look astonished for a moment or two, but at application of three good smart business retorters them to their usual equanimity, and then they find words to express the r (she) approbation.—*Lawrence Courier*.

A "Shazman's" Wish.—May God forgive Chinamen for discovering America," is said to have been the ejaculation of a German frieze (was the realistic incapacity of a live young Yankee to comprehend his trans-

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In 1162 it was attacked and razed to the ground by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in revenge for some fancied insult to his Empress.

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ENTRY OF NAPOLEON III. AND THE KING VICTOR EMANUEL INTO MILAN.

The hero of Magenta, Marshal McMahon, entered Milan on the 7th of June last, and was received by the people with every mark of gratitude.

On the following day, the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Sardinia made a public entrance, having, as a mark of honor, allowed the hero of the day to precede them.

Notwithstanding the early hour at which they arrived, nearly every citizen was present, and their reception of the allied monarchs, if not as demonstrative as that of Marshal McMahon, was quite as deep and heartfelt.

Some people threw themselves on their knees before the Emperor, and all implored a blessing on those who had done so much to release their country from the detestable Austrian tyranny.

Milan held complete holiday, the shops were closed, and it was the intention of all, both masters and work people, to have a festival of a week's duration.

An address was presented to the Emperor from the Municipality, to which he replied



OFFICER IN FULL DRESS.

MOUNTED GUIDE.

PRIVATE.

OFFICER IN UNIFORM.

COSTUMES OF GARIBOLDI'S LEGIONAIRES.

with much courtesy, and in the evening a royal decree was promulgated, declaring Lombardy to be an integral portion of the Sardinian Kingdom, in virtue of the act of union of 1848, and also laying down rules to be observed in its government for the present.

As the Emperor and King Emanuel did not wish to occupy the Royal Palace, the former took up his quarters at a villa belonging to the Bonaparte family, and formerly the residence of his uncle, while the latter retired to the chateau of the Marquis Busca, a rich Milanese nobleman.

In the evening there was a general illumination, with every manifestation of the utmost joy.

The demonstrations were, indeed, enthusiastic almost to wildness, and no conquering hero ever received a more brilliant and heart-felt ovation.

who have been proprietors of these islands since the thirteenth century.

A convoy of supplies destined for Garibaldi's army was descending the western shore of Lake Maggiore, and was nearly opposite the *Isola Superiore* or *Isola dei Pescatori* (the Fisherman's Island), when a sudden and unexpected broadside from the Austrian war steamer the *Radetzki* arrested their march. A few of the Sardinian escort fell at the first fire; the rest took refuge behind the neighboring trees and opened a sharp fire upon the enemy. A shell now fell some distance from the lake shore, and bursting, killed two of the riflemen, notwithstanding their attempts at escape.

The action finally terminated in the forced retreat of the convoy, not, however, until its escort had picked off with their rifles a large proportion of the *Radetzki's* crew.

GENERAL ZOBEL.

THOMAS FREDERICK, Marquis Zobel de Giebelstadt and Darstadt, whose portrait we give below, was born at Bremen 17th March, 1799, which makes him about sixty years of age at the present time.

He entered the army as a cadet in the Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry, at the early age of fourteen, but did not meet with very speedy promotion, not attaining the colonelcy until 1840, thirty-three years after entering the service.

He was actively engaged during the Italian revolution of 1848, and for his services received the Order of Maria Theresa, the highest military order in Austria.

From that time he advanced rapidly in rank, receiving the Field Marshal's baton in 1853.

In 1855 he was made what is termed "proprietor" of the Sixty-first Infantry, a purely honorary distinction; and in the same year he was appointed to the command of the Third Division of the Austrian army, and was with that corps in Italy when the war at present raging broke out.

THE RADETZKI'S ATTACK, IN LAKE MAGGIORE.

Upon a Convoy of Supplies on the way to Garibaldi's Quarters.

THE scene which we herewith engrave is one that occurred at the time of Garibaldi's occupation of Como, and as representing the difficulties which beset the Italian patriot in his march into Lombardy, hemmed in as he continually was by the enemy's forces, is of especial interest.

The Borromean islands before which this action took place are a group of four small islands of the Sardinian dominions, in the bay of Tosa, forming the west arm of the Lake Maggiore. Their name has its origin in the family of the Counts Borromeo,

A NEW YORKER'S FOURTH OF JULY.

In the Eighty-third Year of our National Independence.

My first recollections of the Fourth of July in New York go back to the time when I, a little boy in short frocks, came in from the country and passed a day of bewildering enthusiasm, the only clear impression of which now left on my mind is the booths around the Park, temptingly filled with ruddy lobsters and delicately browned sucking pigs. Ever since I have associated those delicious edibles with independence, and have conscientiously eaten them on our national anniversary—that is, when the absorbing nature of my patriotism has allowed time for me to think of bodily sustenance.

Since those youthful days, following in the steps of many of my fellow-citizens, I have fled the city on the Fourth, and in the rural districts sought that quiet that the metropolis does not afford. Only this year an overwhelming curiosity beset me to see what was done here; laudable, I think, on my part, and quite deserving of imitation, as it brings from her soaring height the proud American Eagle down to one's own home and fireside, and affords an opportunity at one's own mahogany to toast with a double glow of patriotism and hospitality.

"The day we celebrate." I had intended to have seen everything, but a shocking habit of late rising kept me in bed until nine o'clock. I have a fevered vision of a younger brother coming to my bedside in the early twilight—I should say, in the very early twilight—and abruptly arousing me with the startling information that he

"Was going to shoot cats." I may be wrong, but I think I was prone.

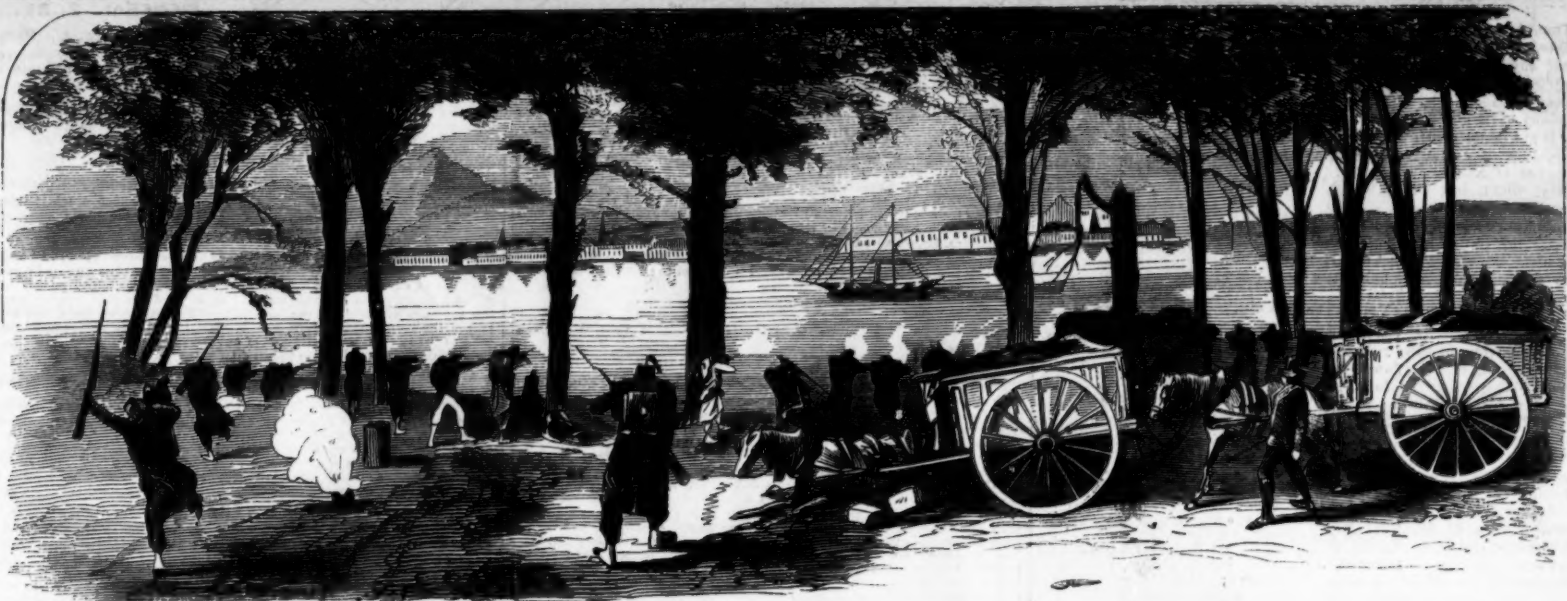
My next reminiscence is of a frightful fusillade in our back yard. On the previous night I had noted the grim array of firearms—one small howitzer, one fowling-piece, a ducking gun and an old horse-pistol—now, as in a dream, I distinguished their various reports.

For two hours, at regular intervals of five minutes, these hideous weapons were discharged, and at each shot I echoed, "I don't know whether mentally or vocally, 'That's the howitzer,' or 'That's the fowling-piece.'" "There goes the ducking gun and horse-pistol."

Human endurance has its limit. I slept; but it seemed but to be awakened again by the reiterated tintinnulations of the breakfast bell. I descended, and found my small relative with a quiet but concentrated energy drinking strong coffee.



FIELD MARSHAL ZOBEL OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.



THE AUSTRIAN WAR-STEAMER, THE RADSTZKI, ATTACKING A CONVOY OF SUPPLIES ON THE WAY TO GARIBALDI'S QUARTERS.

He was grimy and smelt of gunpowder.

I did not reproach him—I admired rather—thought of the heroic band of Italian youths that under Garibaldi nerve their young arms to deeds of glory, and thrilled with exultation at the reflection that in him at least the patriotism of the family still lived.

I smoked after breakfast, three pipes, an unwonted luxury rarely indulged in during the morning hours.

By that means I missed the procession, a sad loss, as our militia, in white pantaloons and ordered lines, proudly marching through the streets are a sight to fill any bosom with glorious emotions.

At eleven o'clock I started from the house.

People generally looked rational; only little boys sprinkled the pavement with lighted fire-crackers, and knots of adolescent youths discharged heavier ordnance on the street corners.

I felt greatly elated, and I fear walked rather haughtily for two blocks, from an acquaintance in the Seventh Regiment honoring me with a marching salute. I don't know as I am exactly right about that military term—at any rate he put the back of his hand to the front of his cap, then waved it majestically in the air.

Striking into Broadway, I came upon the "Veterans of 1812." Poor old fellows, how they toddled, and what very gigantic sabres they all carried: I was reminded of the "sword whom Washington fit with, forty feet long and broad in proportion."

Nice old men they were, looking as if they had often fought their battles o'er—many a mug of ale in Lispenard street. Seedy perhaps, somewhat, and a doubt might arise as to the propriety of their round beavers as a martial head-dress, but then the red and white feathers in them certainly have a very pleasing effect.

One officer—I think he must have been a colonel from the size of his chapeau, but I really am so ignorant about those military things—attracted my attention particularly.

He had always been a small man, I should say, but age and service had reduced him to a mere mite. The magnitude of his sword, and extent of his stride were things to treasure up and reflect deeply upon hereafter.

I went down to the City Hall; only a wooden framework and numberless small children were visible there.

Then I went to the Battery and heard the twelve o'clock salute.

The day was very fine, clear and cool, and the bay dotted with vessels gaily decked in flags presented a pretty sight. From the Fort on Governor's Island every now and then came a flash, a puff of smoke, and a report echoed back from the Jersey hills. Fainter came the salutes from Fort Hamilton, while those from the Navy Yard seemed like the echo of a far-off echo. The bells joined in, and from every spire in the city rang out their glad peals, but above them all the merry chimes of Trinity broke upon the ear in measured regulated harmony.

As I was intent upon those sights and sounds, I noticed a patrol of policemen—large captain and twenty stalwart men—enter the Battery. After wandering around the paths, as I thought in a rather aimless sort of way, they made for the open space, near the water line, the late extension by our Liberal Corporation.

Reaching there they calmly paused. Then the large captain spoke to one of the stalwart men, who, detaching himself from the party walked designedly to the water line, and stood there sternly gazing out across the bay.

The patrol passed on, stopped again, and another man was sent off like his companion.

This was repeated until the large captain stood alone. I only was near him. He looked towards me thoughtfully a moment, then approached. With one hurried glance I took in his dimensions, and a vacant stretch of beach. His design was clear at once; he wished to post me there. I knew my rights as an independent citizen, but I saw that the captain was physically powerful. Grasping only the latter fact, I turned and walked swiftly out of the Battery and up Broadway.

Only when I had gone some distance and drank two glasses of lager, did I feel quite safe. All that long homeward walk was I racked with the thought of that odious captain and his miserable men.

Was it for simple duty that they were placed there by the water side? or—horrid thought—was it not some deep and dreadful punishment they were enduring? Might not the Exaggerated Fiend have stationed them there, that with the advancing tide they should miserably perish?

On reaching home I found my young relation still amid his amusement. He was grimy—er, I thought, than before, and smelt stronger of gunpowder.

As for his artillery it was a mere wreck. His howitzer had burst, the fowling piece was deranged about the lock, the stock of the pistol was broken, and the ducking gun was out with wad. He alone was untouched, un-daunted. A five-barrelled revolver (borrowed) was in his hand; he had just finished loading it. Then the innate generosity of his nature came out grandly. He handed me the pistol and said,

"You can fire off one barrel."

Deeply touched, I took the weapon, and shutting both eyes, discharged it intrepidly in the air.

After that I dined.

By a curious association of ideas, in New York all holidays are looked upon in the light of Sundays, and people eat their dinners at two o'clock.

I passed the afternoon in a state of mild delirium. All I distinctly know is that I sat on a stoop and held lighted punk for a fascinating young person in white muslin and pink ribbons, to ignite firecrackers by.

Souzhong revived me, and in the dim twilight I went to see the fireworks munificently provided by our municipal fathers. This display consisted principally, I thought, of those things that go up like bomb-shells, then burst and drop down in kaleidoscopes or small tadpoles with fiery tails.

After my nightly allowance of lager and pipes, and somewhat fatigued by the exertions of the day—looking upon it rather in the light of a failure—I retired, with the solemn intention of never passing another Fourth in town.

THE FOUR FORTIFIED CITIES.

So much interest is now excited by the near approach of a decisive action, which will most probably result in the surrender or storming of the four celebrated gates to the famous quadrangle, that we give a brief account of them, as Peschiera will undoubtedly first be exposed to the fury of the allied armies.

Peschiera is a small but very strong fortress, situated on an island, formed by the junction of the Mincio and the Lake de Gardo. The Austrians have, of late years, extended these fortifications, and erected very powerful batteries on the other side of the river. The town itself is small, the population not exceeding 4,200. Peschiera was taken by Charles Albert in 1848, after a long siege; want of provisions was the cause of the surrender. The barracks are bomb-proof.

Mantua is likewise situated on an island formed by the Mincio, but very considerably larger, since it covers about one hundred and twenty-four acres. Close to it there is another called the Te, which is used as a drill-ground. Both lie in the midst of a lake, which is formed by the widening of the river, and are about half-a-mile from either bank. Hence Mantua, like the city of Mexico, is unapproachable, except through narrow causeways, of which there are two on the left bank and three on the right. These causeways are defended

by three forts—the Citadel St. George to the east, and Pradella and Piccola to the left. The latter was built by the first Napoleon. Mantua is connected by railway with Verona and Peschiera, and there is a good road to Legnano.

Verona, the strongest of the four fortresses, is situated at the mouth of the Adige, from the Alpine passes. It has a population of nearly 60,000 people. The approach to the town on the river side is covered by the Fort St. Proculo. A little further from the town is Fort Hess, and there is a strongly entrenched camp on an alluvial plain, formerly covered by the Adige. This plain is surrounded by a series of strong redoubts, at 600 yards distance from each other. Each redoubt is provided with bomb-proof barracks. In order to command the whole position, there is an almost impregnable fortress built on an inaccessible rock, and called Fort San Felice, consisting of a continued Redan. This rock is the last eminence of the Tyrolean Alps.

Verona being the key to Northern Italy, the loss of it will be the deathblow to Austrian rule there; it will consequently only be taken after a terrible resistance, and there is every reason to believe that a bloody battle will be hazarded to save it. St. Lucia, Villa Franca and Valleggio are well adapted for such a purpose. Should the Allies possess themselves of the suburbs and forts of the eastern part of the city, and succeed in crossing the Adige south of Verona, the Austrians will undoubtedly retreat to the heights of Caldiero and Colognola, and there await an attack. It is clear every inch of ground will be disputed by the Austrians.

Legnano is the smallest of the four fortresses, and a link between Mantua and Verona, being equidistant, and forming a triangle. It possesses a double bridge head, whence sorties can be made on both banks of the Adige. The present fortifications were erected by Napoleon the First.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE HUMBERT OF PIEMONTE.

It is an ancient custom of the House of Savoy, that when the King takes the command of the army in the field, he shall be accompanied by his eldest son.

In pursuance of this custom, Victor Emmanuel has with him the Prince Humbert Renier, who shares with his gallant father the perils and glory of the campaign.

Prince Humbert is the brother of the Princess Clotilde, now Princess Napoleon, and is in every way worthy of his high position. He is still very young, having been born March 14, 1844.



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BEWARE OF TRAPS.—Such was the heading of an advertisement which stated "that a certain art would be taught for a trifle, and that constant employment could be given at a rate of remuneration varying from ten to fifteen dollars per week." As I reached the place, a young lady, with a face wonderfully expressive of disappointment, was issuing from it. She looked at me, then, to my great surprise, hesitated, as if she would speak; so I anticipated her by respectfully inquiring whether she were the proprietress of, or connected with, that establishment. I further tendered an apology for asking the question, saying I had walked some distance for the purpose of speaking with that individual, and was fearful of missing my chance, when I saw her emerge from the doorway of the house whither I was bound. She gave a sigh as she answered that she had just paid her last visit to the place, and deeply regretted that she had ever seen it. Like myself, she had seen the advertisement respecting "profitable employment," and in the hope of earning "ten or fifteen dollars per week," had learned the art—leather-work—but certainly not for a trifle, since it had already cost her fifty dollars. At first, she had been told ten dollars would cover all the expenses, and that, as soon as she had attained proficiency, she would be regularly employed. But, somehow, her work never gave satisfaction, and she had been induced to go on paying for instruction, until, weary and hopeless, she had now resolved to give up all further attempts to please those whose promises were plainly made only to induce continued outlay. She showed me her last work, which to my eyes appeared perfect of its kind. I thanked her for the hint; and now say, "Beware of traps, set for the credulous!"

A PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW OF DEBT.—Never attempt to get out of debt. The man who owes nobody is a poor, miserable being; nobody manifests any interest in his welfare—nobody cares a continental cent whether he lives or dies. He is lean, hungry, and generally as poor and wretched as were the pin feathers on Job's turkey. Look at our great men: they are all debtors—owe everybody; our men of science, our authors, our sensation ministers—all the entire cohort of them are deeper in debt than Pharaoh's army were in the Red Sea. Debt ennobles a man; gives him a more expanded and liberal view of human nature; makes him energetic, healthy and active; and keeps him moving—especially if he never pays rent. Nothing will cure the consumptive quicker than a good, strong dose of debt, properly taken. To owe, is human: to pay, divine. Therefore, until man becomes superhuman, he shouldn't at-

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The city of Milan, though it has been besieged forty times, and forty times taken, and four times destroyed, is still a great and splendid city, and though for the last sixty years its population has greatly fluctuated, yet it has been in a state of progressive increase ever since 1800. In 1805 it was estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand. Its population at present is about one hundred and seventy thousand.

Our illustration represents a general view of the city, showing also the position of the Allied camp.

ENTRY OF NAPOLEON III. AND THE KING VICTOR EMANUEL INTO MILAN.

The hero of Magenta, Marshal McMahon, entered Milan on the 7th of June last, and was received by the people with every mark of gratitude.

On the following day, the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Sardinia made a public entrance, having, as a mark of honor, allowed the hero of the day to precede them.

Notwithstanding the early hour at which they arrived, nearly every citizen was present, and their reception of the allied monarchs, if not as demonstrative as that of Marshal McMahon, was quite as deep and heartfelt.

Some people threw themselves on their knees before the Emperor, and all implored a blessing on those who had done so much to release their country from the detestable Austrian tyranny.

Milan held complete holiday, the shops were closed, and it was the intention of all, both masters and work people, to have a festival of a week's duration.

An address was presented to the Emperor from the Municipality, to which he replied



OFFICER IN FULL DRESS.

MOUNTED GUIDE

PRIVATE.

OFFICER IN UNDRESS.

COSTUMES OF GARIBALDI'S LEGIONARIES.

with much courtesy, and in the evening a royal decree was promulgated, declaring Lombardy to be an integral portion of the Sardinian Kingdom, in virtue of the act of union of 1848, and also laying down rules to be observed in its government for the present.

As the Emperor and King Emanuel did not wish to occupy the Royal Palace the former took up his quarters at a villa belonging to the Bonaparte family, and formerly the residence of his uncle, while the latter retired to the chateau of the Marquis Busca, a rich Milanese nobleman.

In the evening there was a general illumination, with every manifestation of the utmost joy.

The demonstrations were, indeed, enthusiastic almost to wildness, and no conquering hero ever received a more brilliant and heartfelt ovation.

who have been proprietors of these islands since the thirteenth century.

A convoy of supplies destined for Garibaldi's army was descending the western shore of Lake Maggiore, and was nearly opposite the *Isola Superiore* or *Isola dei Pescatori* (the Fisherman's Island), when a sudden and unexpected broadside from the Austrian war steamer the *Radetzki* arrested their march. A few of the Sardinian escort fell at the first fire; the rest took refuge behind the neighboring trees and opened a sharp fire upon the enemy. A shell now fell some distance from the lake shore, and bursting, killed two of the riflemen, notwithstanding their attempts at escape.

The action finally terminated in the forced retreat of the convoy, not, however, until its escort had picked off with their rifles a large proportion of the *Radetzki's* crew.

A NEW YORKER'S FOURTH OF JULY.

In the Eighty-third Year of our National Independence.

My first recollections of the Fourth of July in New York go back to the time when I, a little boy in short frocks, came in from the country and passed a day of bewildering enthusiasm, the only clear impression of which now left on my mind is the booths around the Park, temptingly filled with ruddy lobsters and delicately browned sucking pigs. Ever since I have associated those delicious edibles with independence, and have conscientiously eaten them on our national anniversary—that is, when the absorbing nature of my patriotism has allowed time for me to think of bodily sustenance.

Since those youthful days, following in the steps of many of my fellow-citizens, I have fled the city on the Fourth, and in the rural districts sought that quiet that the metropolis does not afford. Only this year an overwhelming curiosity beset me to see what was done here; laudable, I think, on my part, and quite deserving of imitation, as it brings from her soaring height the proud American Eagle down to one's own home and fireside, and affords an opportunity at one's own mahogany to toast with a double glow of patriotism and hospitality, "The day we celebrate."

I had intended to have seen everything, but a shocking habit of late rising kept me in bed until nine o'clock. I have a fevered vision of a younger brother coming to my bedside in the early twilight—I should say, in the very early twilight—and abruptly arousing me with the startling information that he

"Was going to shoot cats."

I may be wrong, but I think I was pre-

fane.

My next reminiscence is of a frightful fusillade in our back yard. On the previous night I had noted the grim array of fire-arms—one small howitzer, one fowling-piece, a ducking gun and an old horse-pistol—now, as in a dream, I distinguished their various reports.

For two hours, at regular intervals of five minutes, these hideous weapons were discharged, and at each shot I echoed, I don't know whether mentally or vocally, "That's the howitzer," or "That's the fowling-piece," "There goes the ducking gun and horse-pistol."

Human endurance has its limit. I slept; but it seemed but to be awakened again by the reiterated tintinnulations of the breakfast bell. I descended, and found my small relative with a quiet but concentrated energy drinking strong coffee.



FIELD MARSHAL ZOBEL OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

GENERAL ZOBEL.

THOMAS FREDERICK, Marquis Zobel de Giebelstadt and Darstadt, whose portrait we give below, was born at Bremen 17th March, 1799, which makes him about sixty years of age at the present time.

He entered the army as a cadet in the Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry, at the early age of fourteen, but did not meet with very speedy promotion, not attaining the colonelcy until 1846, thirty-three years after entering the service.

He was actively engaged during the Italian revolution of 1848, and for his services received the Order of Maria Theresa, the highest military order in Austria.

From that time he advanced rapidly in rank, receiving the Field Marshal's baton in 1853.

In 1855 he was made what is termed "proprietor" of the Sixty-first Infantry, a purely honorary distinction; and in the same year he was appointed to the command of the Third Division of the Austrian army, and was with that corps in Italy when the war at present raging broke out.

THE RADETZKI'S ATTACK, IN LAKE MAGGIORE.

Upon a Convoy of Supplies on the way to Garibaldi's Quarters.

The scene which we herewith engrave is one that occurred at the time of Garibaldi's occupation of Como, and as representing the difficulties which beset the Italian patriot in his march into Lombardy, hemmed in as he continually was by the enemy's forces, is of especial interest.

The Borromean islands before which this action took place are a group of four small islands of the Sardinian dominions, in the bay of Tosa, forming the west arm of the Lake Maggiore. Their name has its origin in the family of the Counts Borromeo, who have been proprietors of these islands since the thirteenth century.



THE AUSTRIAN WAR-STEAMER, THE RADETZKI, ATTACKING A CONVOY OF SUPPLIES ON THE WAY TO GARIBALDI'S QUARTERS.

He was grimy and smelt of gunpowder. I did not reproach him—I admired rather—thought of the heroic band of Italian youths that under Garibaldi nerve their young arms to deeds of glory, and thrilled with exultation at the reflection that in him at least the patriotism of the family still lived.

I smoked after breakfast, three pipes, an unwonted luxury rarely indulged in during the morning hours.

By that means I missed the procession, a sad loss, as our militia, in white pantaloons and ordered lines, proudly marching through the streets are a sight to fill any bosom with glorious emotions.

At eleven o'clock I started from the house.

People generally looked rational; only little boys sprinkled the pavement with lighted fire-crackers, and knots of adolescent youths discharged heavier ordnance on the street corners.

I felt greatly elated, and I fear walked rather haughtily for two blocks, from an acquaintance in the Seventh Regiment honoring me with a marching salute. I don't know as I am exactly right about that military term—at any rate he put the back of his hand to the front of his cap, then waved it majestically in the air.

Striking into Broadway, I came upon the "Veterans of 1812." Poor old fellows, how they toddled, and what very gigantic sabres they all carried: I was reminded of the "sword whom Washington fit with, forty feet long and broad in proportion."

Nice old men they were, looking as if they had often fought their battles o'er—many a mug of ale in Lispenard street. Seedy perhaps, somewhat, and a doubt might arise as to the propriety of their round beavers as a martial head-dress, but then the red and white feathers in them certainly have a very pleasing effect.

One officer—I think he must have been a colonel from the size of his chapeau, but I really am so ignorant about those military things—attracted my attention particularly.

He had always been a small man, I should say, but age and service had reduced him to a mere mite. The magnitude of his sword, and extent of his stride were things to treasure up and reflect deeply upon hereafter.

I went down to the City Hall; only a wooden framework and numberless small children were visible there.

Then I went to the Battery and heard the twelve o'clock salute.

The day was very fine, clear and cool, and the bay dotted with vessels gaily decked in flags presented a pretty sight. From the Fort on Governor's Island every now and then came a flash, a puff of smoke, and a report echoed back from the Jersey hills. Fainter came the salutes from Fort Hamilton, while those from the Navy Yard seemed like the echo of a far-off echo. The bells joined in, and from every spire in the city rang out their glad peals, but above them all the merry chimes of Trinity broke upon the ear in measured regulated harmony.

As I was intent upon those sights and sounds, I noticed a patrol of policemen—large captain and twenty stalwart men—enter the Battery. After wandering around the paths, as I thought in a rather aimless sort of way, they made for the open space, near the water line, the late extension by our liberal Corporation.

Reaching there they calmly paused. Then the large captain spoke to one of the stalwart men, who, detaching himself from the party walked designedly to the water line, and stood there sternly gazing out across the bay.

The patrol passed on, stopped again, and another man was sent off like his companion.

This was repeated until the large captain stood alone. I only was near him. He looked towards me thoughtfully a moment, then approached. With one hurried glance I took in his dimensions, and a vacant stretch of beach. His design was clear at once; he wished to post me there. I knew my rights as an independent citizen, but I saw that the captain was physically powerful. Grasping only the latter fact, I turned and walked swiftly out of the Battery and up Broadway.

Only when I had gone some distance and drank two glasses of lager, did I feel quite safe. All that long homeward walk was I racked with the thought of that odious captain and his miserable men.

Was it for simple duty that they were placed there by the water side? or—horrid thought—was it not some deep and dreadful punishment they were enduring? Might not the Exaggerated Fiend have stationed them there, that with the advancing tide they should miserably perish?

On reaching home I found my young relation still amid his amusement. He was grimy-er, I thought, than before, and smelt stranger of gunpowder.

As for his artillery it was a mere wreck. His howitzer had burst, the fowling piece was deranged about the lock, the stock of the pistol was broken, and the ducking gun was foul with wad. He alone was untouched, undaunted. A five-barrelled revolver (borrowed) was in his hand; he had just finished loading it. Then the innate generosity of his nature came out grandly. He handed me the pistol and said,

"You can fire off one barrel."

Deeply touched, I took the weapon, and shutting both eyes, discharged it intrepidly in the air.

After that I dined.

By a curious association of ideas, in New York all holidays are looked upon in the light of Sundays, and people eat their dinners at two o'clock.

I passed the afternoon in a state of mild delirium. All I distinctly know is that I sat on a stoop and held lighted punk for a fascinating young person in white muslin and pink ribbons, to ignite firecrackers by.

Souchow revived me, and in the dim twilight I went to see the fireworks munificently provided by our municipal fathers. This display consisted principally, I thought, of those things that go up like bomb-shells, then burst and drop down in kaleidoscopes or small tadpoles with fiery tails.

After my nightly allowance of lager and pipes, and somewhat fatigued by the exertions of the day—looking upon it rather in the light of a failure—I retired, with the solemn intention of never passing another Fourth in town.

THE FOUR FORTIFIED CITIES.

So much interest is now excited by the near approach of a decisive action, which will most probably result in the surrender or storming of the four celebrated gates to the famous quadrangle, that we give a brief account of them, as Peschiera will undoubtedly first be exposed to the fury of the allied armies.

Peschiera is a small but very strong fortress, situated on an island, formed by the junction of the Mincio and the Lake de Gardo. The Austrians have, of late years, extended these fortifications, and erected very powerful batteries on the other side of the river. The town itself is small, the population not exceeding 4,200. Peschiera was taken by Charles Albert in 1848, after a long siege; want of provisions was the cause of the surrender. The barracks are bomb-proof.

Mantua is likewise situated on an island formed by the Mincio, but very considerably larger, since it covers about one hundred and twenty-four acres. Close to it there is another called the Te, which is used as a drill-ground. Both lie in the midst of a lake, which is formed by the widening of the river, and are about half-a-mile from either bank. Hence Mantua, like the city of Mexico, is unapproachable, except through narrow causeways, of which there are two on the left bank and three on the right. These causeways are defended

by three forts—the Citadel St. George to the east, and Pradella and Pictola to the left. The latter was built by the first Napoleon. Mantua is connected by railway with Verona and Peschiera, and there is a good road to Legnano.

Verona, the strongest of the four fortresses, is situated at the mouth of the Adige, from the Alpine passes. It has a population of nearly 60,000 people. The approach to the town on the river side is covered by the Fort St. Proculo. A little further from the town is Fort Hess, and there is a strongly entrenched camp on an alluvial plain, formerly covered by the Adige. This plain is surrounded by a series of strong redoubts, at 600 yards distance from each other. Each redoubt is provided with bomb-proof barracks. In order to command the whole position, there is an almost impregnable fortress built on an inaccessible rock, and called Fort San Felice, consisting of a continued Bedan. This rock is the last eminence of the Tyrolean Alps.

Verona being the key to Northern Italy, the loss of it will be the deathblow to Austrian rule there; it will consequently only be taken after a terrible resistance, and there is every reason to believe that a bloody battle will be hazarded to save it. St. Lucia, Villa Franca and Vallegio are well adapted for such a purpose. Should the Allies possess themselves of the suburbs and forts of the eastern part of the city, and succeed in crossing the Adige south of Verona, the Austrians will undoubtedly retreat to the heights of Caldiero and Cognola, and there await an attack. It is clear every inch of ground will be disputed by the Austrians.

Legnano is the smallest of the four fortresses, and a link between Mantua and Verona, being equidistant, and forming a triangle. It possesses a double bridge head, whence sorties can be made on both banks of the Adige. The present fortifications were erected by Napoleon the First.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE HUMBERT OF PIEMONTE.

It is an ancient custom of the House of Savoy, that when the King takes the command of the army in the field, he shall be accompanied by his eldest son.

In pursuance of this custom, Victor Emanuel has with him the Prince Humbert Renier, who shares with his gallant father the perils and glory of the campaign.

Prince Humbert is the brother of the Princess Clotilde, now Princess Napoleon, and is in every way worthy of his high position. He is still very young, having been born March 14, 1844.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE HUMBERT OF PIEMONTE.

BEWARE OF TRAPS.—Such was the heading of an advertisement which stated "that a certain art would be taught for a trifle, and that constant employment could be given at a rate of remuneration varying from ten to fifteen dollars per week." As I reached the place, a young lady, with a face wonderfully expressive of disappointment, was issuing from it. She looked at me, then, to my great surprise, hesitated, as if she would speak; so I anticipated her by respectfully inquiring whether she were the proprietress of, or connected with, that establishment. I further tendered an apology for asking the question, saying I had walked some distance for the purpose of speaking with that individual, and was fearful of missing my chance, when I saw her emerge from the doorway of the house whither I was bound. She gave a sigh as she answered that she had just paid her last visit to the place, and deeply regretted that she had ever seen it. Like myself, she had seen the advertisement respecting "profitable employment," and in the hope of earning "ten or fifteen dollars per week," had learned the art—leather-work—but certainly not for a trifle, since it had already cost her fifty dollars. At first, she had been told ten dollars would cover all the expenses, and that, as soon as she had attained proficiency, she would be regularly employed. But, somehow, her work never gave satisfaction, and she had been induced to go on paying for instruction, until, weary and hopeless, she had now resolved to give up all further attempts to please those whose promises were plainly made only to induce continued outlay. She showed me her last work, which to my eyes appeared perfect of its kind. I thanked her for the hint; and now say, "Beware of traps, set for the credulous!"

A PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW OF DEBT.—Never attempt to get out of debt. The man who owes nobody is a poor, miserable being; nobody manifests any interest in his welfare—nobody cares a continental cent whether he lives or dies. He is lean, hungry, and generally as poor and wretched as were the pin feathers on Job's turkey. Look at our great men: they are all debtors—owe everybody; our men of science, our authors, our sensation ministers—all the entire cohort of them are deeper in debt than Pharaoh's army were in the Red Sea. Debt ennobles a man; gives him a more expanded and liberal view of human nature; makes him energetic, healthy and active, and keeps him moving—especially if he never pays rent. Nothing will cure the consumptive quicker than a good, strong dose of debt, properly taken. To owe, is human: to pay, divine. Therefore, until man becomes superhuman, he shouldn't at-

tempt to emulate divinity. The science of payment—the true modern science—is get in debt to somebody enough to pay somebody else whom you owe. By this means, you avoid getting out of debt, and yet maintain a reputation of paying. The greatness of a nation increases with its national debt. Make a note of this at ninety days.

A WARNING.

Place your hands in mine, dear,
With their rose-leaf touch;
If you heed my warning,
It will spare you much.

Ah! with just such smiling,
Unbelieving eyes,
Years ago I heard it;
You shall be more wise.

You have one great treasure,
Joy for all your life;
Do not let it perish
In one reckless strife.

Do not venture all, child,
In one frail, weak heart;
So, through any shipwreck,
You may save a part.

Where your soul is tempted
Most to trust your fate,
There, with double caution
Linger, fear and wait.

Measure all you give—still
Counting what you take;
Love for love: so pleasing
Each an equal stake.

Treasure love; though ready
Still to live without;
In your fondest trust, keep
Just one thread of doubt.

Build on no to-morrow;
Love has but to-day;
If the links seem slackening,
Cut the bond away.

Trust no prayer nor promise;
Words are grains of sand;
Keep your heart unbroken,
Safely in your hand.

That your love may finish
Calm as it begun,
Learn this lesson better,
Dear, than I have done.

Years hence, perhaps, this warning
You shall give again,
In just the self-same words, dear,
And—just as much in vain.

FOREIGN NEWS

The Canada and the Etna furnish us with news to the 24 July. A grim report has come over the sea of war, since no battle has been fought since the 24th June, and the Allies continued their movement across the Mincio unimpeded.

The Emperor Napoleon had changed his headquarters from Volta to Valleggio. The Sardinians had completed the investment of Peschiera, from the Lago di Garda to the Mincio.

The Emperor of Austria was expected to remain in Italy. The new English Ministry has pronounced for a strict neutrality.

Mr. Cobden had declined a seat in the Cabinet. The Milan Gazette states that the number of political prisoners whom the Austrians have carried away with them amounts to 107, who are now in the fortress of Verona.

The trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, London, on an indictment for the sale of army commissions, has terminated in a verdict of guilty against the defendants. Sentence deferred. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, in summing up, said there was not the slightest imputation against the authorities of the Horse Guards.

A letter from Manchester, dated the 23rd ultimo, says: "The uncertain state of Continental politics continues to tell upon the German buyers, and the purchases made by them are extremely limited; so that, as their operations are mainly for yarns, the consequence is that while prices are firm, and without any notable change, this firmness is more marked in goods than in yarns, owing to the fact that while the diminished inquiry for Europe causes the latter to be flat, the large extent to which producers are under orders for India, chiefly for the former, results in a stiffness in price which cannot be at once affected by any collateral circumstances."

The Times gives a long description of the new iron steam ram, which it says will be floated next June. Her total length will be 280 feet, breadth 58; total weight at sea, about 9,000 tons; full speed 16 miles an hour. About 320 feet of the broadside of the vessel will be tank, 24 inches thick, this will be covered by armor plates 4½ inches thick on the deck. The ram will be armed with 35 Armstrong guns, each throwing 100 lbs. shot over a range of six miles. The ram will run down ships by driving straight at them at full speed. If she only does one-half of what may fairly be anticipated from her, she will be cheaper to the nation than a dozen sails of the line. The cost of the hull will be about £200,000, the engines about £275,000, and her fitting for sea about £45,000 more, or £290,000 in all.

The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, Secretary for Ireland, was returned to Parliament on Monday, 27th ultimo, for Oxford city, without opposition. Lord Palmerston; Sir H. Keating, Solicitor-General; the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Vice President of the Council; Sir G. Lewis, Home Secretary; Sir R. Bethell, Attorney-General; Mr. Milnes Gibson, President of the Poor-Law Board; Sir W. Trevelyan, the Scotch Lord of the Treasury; and Sir George Grey, were returned, without opposition, to Parliament on the same day.

Mr. Gladstone was elected for Oxford University by a majority of twenty-three votes over Lord Chandos.

The total amount realized on the Marquis of Waterford's stud was £13,160; Gemmadi Vergi brought £1,060.

HOLLAND.

General Gunzel, of the Dutch army, appealed some weeks ago to the Supreme Court of Holland, sitting at the Hague, against the condemnation to death passed on him by the Criminal Court for poisoning, but the Court rejected the appeal. The convict is over seventy years old, and was found guilty of poisoning a brother of his majesty, in an attempt to poison herself, by means of a sausage sprinkled with arsenic. He is a military man of great repute.

GERMANY.

It is understood that the negotiations in progress for securing the neutrality of the German mail steamships engaged in the American trade, apply to the Hamburg equally with the Bremen line.

RUSSIA.

The following is said to be an abstract of the numerical strength of the Russian navy in the year 1858:

"The total of all rates amounts to 182 vessels, of which 71 steamers and 25 sailing vessels are stationed in the Baltic, 5 steamers and 3 sailing vessels in the White Sea, 21 steamers and 13 sailing vessels in the Black Sea, and 12 steamers and 5 sailing vessels in the Caspian. As to the details of the Baltic navy, it is composed of 7 liners, 5 frigates, 8 steam frigates, 9 corvettes, 6 clipper, 2 brig, 5 schooners, 9 yachts, 6 transports, 18 small steamers, and 16 screw gunboats. Besides these, there were 17 smaller craft in the Baltic, consisting partly of floating batteries and partly of gunboats. The Black Sea navy is reported to number 2 liners, 6 corvettes, 13 schooners, 2 yachts, 5 transports and 5 small steamers. The crews of the whole Russian navy amount to 19,688 men, commanded by 1,848 officers."

ITALY.

A letter from Naples of the 14th of June has the following: "Amidst the excitement and the conflagration of war, Vesuvius will urge its claims on public attention. Its forces are more active than those of the nations united which now are applying the resources of science to the construction of weapons for human destruction. The mountain beats them all; and, with the quiet assurance of undisputed power, hourly it is laying waste rich lands growing with all the promise of harvest. Any one who looks at it from Naples observes a large river of fire actually flowing, but apparently arrested and attached to the side of Vesuvius. Within the last three months it has increased wonderfully in proportion; it is no longer a rill, it is a sheet of fire; it has risen and overflowed its banks, and God help the poor small proprietors who have invested their all in little portions of land now incensed with lava."

According to a dispatch from Naples, of June 22, the King had offered an amnesty to the Pope. Meanwhile, nine battalions had been sent towards the Roman frontier, under the command of General Benedek.

FRANCE.

The Marseilles correspondent of the Times says: "Among the ships that are

to compose the fleet, which were assured in course of being organized, are the following: The Ville de Paris, from Toulon, a three-decker, but very formidable; the liner Tourville and frigate Surcouf, from Cherbourg; and the liners Duquesne, Fage, Wagram, Dugay-Trouin, Turenne, Jean Bart and Louis XIV., besides the frigate Ardent and the floating battery Congreve. This would give a fleet of nine liners, two heavy frigates and one floating battery. Two more frigates are expected to join, and the only question is against whom is the fleet sent, which does not include the channel fleet at Cherbourg, intended to act. The Austrian squadron has not escaped from the Adriatic to harry French trade on the coast."

The Paris correspondent of the Times says: It is said that the military commission of the Diet of Frankfurt have approved of the demand to move an army of observation to the Rhine.

It is mentioned that the army in Italy is almost without shoes, and that owing to the scarcity of labor in Paris, the Government cannot get them made by contractors. The mayor of each arrondissement has intimated to all the shoemakers, large and small, that the Government will require about 70,000 pairs to be ready in fifteen days. Every shoemaker will have to send in a certain quantity, according to his means, and it is hoped to collect about a million pairs in this manner.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The Indian brings European news to the 6th. There had been no more fighting in Italy. The Sardinians were besieging Peschiera with great vigor, and there was a report that the greater part of the Austrians had retired to Verona. General Niel had established his headquarters at Villa Franca, and Prince Napoleon's corps was about to invest Verona. Louis Napoleon was at Valleggio. The next step will be the storming of the four fortresses. There does not seem much immediate probability of a battle. Prussia is assuming a very imposing attitude, placing large bodies of men on her Rhenish and Silesian frontiers. The warlike preparations in England are progressing with unabated vigor. The debates in Parliament show an unwavering determination to maintain the strictest neutrality. The Russian organ, *Invalide Russes*, says that no ulterior arrangements can be binding without the consent of the Great Powers. The Austrians were retiring before Garibaldi in the Valtellina. It was the intention of that famous patriot to seize the pass of the Stelvio in the Tyrol. Pelissier would have on the Rhine before the end of July 170,000 men, to guard against emergencies.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD

ENGLAND.

Hint for Bonner.—A novel mode of advertising (says the London Spectator), is about to be introduced to the advertising public of London by some of the large music publishers. The medium is to consist of an octagon pillar or column, of from fourteen to sixteen feet in height standing on a base. The base is to be constructed so as to form a letter box. The column itself will have its corners gilded with gold. The sides will be of glass, on which will be written, within tasteful borders, the announcements. On the top of the column will be a clock, which will indicate the year, the day of the month, the day of the week, and of course the hour of the day. The clocks for several will be placed on them gratuitously by the several clockmakers of London. The clock will be surmounted by a lamp. The interior of the column will be illuminated with burners, so as to show the announcements by night as well as by day. The first is to be erected in Cornhill. We understand that about forty spaces have already been obtained from the authorities for the placing of the columns.

Singular Case.—An extraordinary instance of somnambulism occurred in Stamford, shortly after midnight, last month. About one o'clock, Sergeant Harrison, while on duty at the lock-up, observed a person, clothed in white, walking towards St. Paul street. Supposing it to be some one who had assumed a disguise, for the purpose of playing a joke, he walked up to the individual, whom he found to be the wife of Mr. J. Oliver, cabinet-maker, having nothing on but her night dress. She was walking about with her eyes wide open, apparently awake, but in reality in a state of perfect somnambulism. She was taken to her home, which was close at hand, and her husband was aroused, by whom she was placed in bed. It appears that she got up, walked down stairs, unlocked the front door, and went into the street, without either disturbing her husband or arousing herself, nor was she conscious of what had taken place when she awoke in the morning. But the most remarkable feature in the case is that, although she had been unable to walk without crutches or assistance for the last year or two, she was, when discovered, walking as well as any other person, and without either the support of the wall or a crutch.

Sketch of a Monster.—Edmond About, whose book on the Papacy has caused such discussion in Paris, gives this graphic sketch of Pope Pius the Ninth's villain in general, Cardinal Antonelli:

In 1859 he was fifty-three years old. He is well preserved. His body is lithe and robust, and his health that of a mountaineer. The breadth of his brow, the brightness of his eye, his nose and eagle's beak, and the height of his figure, inspire a certain astonishment. There is the light of intelligence on that brow, and as it were more face. But his heavy jaw, his long teeth, his thick lips, betray the grossest appetites. A minister grafted on a savage. When he assists the Pope during holy week, he is magnificent with diadems and imperiousness. He turns from time to time towards the diplomatic tribune, and looks without laughing upon the poor ambassadors whom he plays upon morning till night.

Both men and women who share his intimacy, give unanimous assurance that his life is pleasant. But for the bore of attending to the diplomatists and of giving audiences every morning, he would be the happiest of mountaineers. His tastes are simple—a robe of red silk, a power unlimited, an enormous fortune, an European reputation, and all the pleasures to which men are accustomed. This suffices him. Add an admirable collection of minerals, perfectly classed, which he preserves and enriches daily, with the passion of an amateur and the tenderness of a father.

This happy mortal has one weakness, but it is a very natural one. He fears death. A great and beautiful lady, whom he has honored with most eminent tenderness, said to me in no many terms: "When I arrived he threw himself upon me, came on me, and felt rapidly all my pockets. When he had assured himself that I carried no weapons, he recollected that we were friends."

One person only has dared to menace a life so precious to its proprietor; it was a miserable idiot. Put forward by the secret societies, he posted himself on the staircase of the Vatican, and awaited the passing of the Cardinal. The moment came; he drew from his pocket, with great difficulty, a fork. The Cardinal perceiving the weapon, made a backward leap like which a chamois of the Alps would have admired. The poor assassin was already seized, gagged and delivered to the judges. The Roman Tribunal, which too often pardons the guilty, were without pity for this simpleton. They cut off his head. The Cardinal, full of clemency, threw himself officially at the feet of the Pope, to implore a pardon which he was sure of not obtaining. He pays a pension to the widow. Is not that behaving like an *homme d'esprit*?

Nevertheless, since he has found himself in presence of a fork, he never goes out without the amplest precautions. His horses are made to gallop furiously through the streets, and it is for the people to take care of themselves.

Blackwood on Macaulay.—The June number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains a very trenchant review of Macaulay's "History," of which we extract a passage:

"Macaulay, in his own department, we still regard as unrivalled. He is beyond comparison the greatest master of brilliant and unscrupulous fiction that has ever adorned the language or disgraced the literature of England. It is impossible for any Englishman—it is impossible for any honest man, to rise from a perusal of that attack upon Marlborough, and an examination of the evidence upon which it rests, without feelings of the deepest indignation."

FRANCE.

Jewish Soldiers.—The names and rank of 140 Jewish officers now serving in the French army in Italy have been published. This is an extraordinary number, and yet the catalogue is incomplete, and a supplementary list is promised. As in France promotion depends entirely upon individual merit, we consider this a number of officers as a most honorable testimony to Jewish bravery, skill and morality, especially when it is borne in mind that the whole Jewish population of France does not exceed 100,000 souls. These soldiers are found in all regiments, from the guards to the baggage train. We can imagine with what zest the French Jewish soldiers will fight the Austrians, the bigoted oppressors and persecutors of their brethren in Central Europe. It would be curious to know how many Jewish officers serve in the Austrian army. Before Francis Joseph became the slave of the Concordat we know there were some in the Austrian army, but we have not heard of any since the canonical law superseded the law of the land.

A Humane Priest.—A breach between the Archbishop of Paris and the Court is talked of. The Archbishop is said to have given the request to officiate at the "Te Deum" for the battle of Magenta. One such answer as this: "I cannot join in thanksgiving for the murder of 15,000 human beings, nor raise a hymn of joy founded upon the pain and misery of others; but I will sing a 'De Profundis' and 'Requiem' for the souls of the departed with the greatest pleasure."

M. Julien in Trouble.—Julien, the well known chap *orchestre* of London, having come to Paris in May last, was arrested for the non-payment of a bill of exchange given to a M. Chapelle; but, in order to obtain his release from prison, he had himself declared a bankrupt. On Thursday, M. Desepierre, who holds the bill of exchange, and who had opposed his discharge, applied to the Tribunal of Commerce to order the declaration of bankruptcy to be set aside, on the ground that M. Julien had been naturalized an Englishman, and could not, therefore, enjoy the privileges of a Frenchman in case of bankruptcy. Julien in reply represented that as the letters of naturalization had obtained in England stipulated that he could be neither a member of Parliament nor a minister of the Crown, nor a grand dignitary of state, he could not be considered an English subject, but only as a denizen of England; that letters of full naturalization in England can only be secured by Parliament, whereas his had been given by a minister; and that having returned to France he had recovered his French nationality. But the Tribunal held that, having obtained all the rights and privileges of a British subject, absent from certain restrictions, allowed by an act of Parliament in 1857, and having taken the oath of submission and allegiance to the Queen of England, he was a naturalized Englishman, and consequently could not be declared a bankrupt in France. In consequence of this decision, the application made by Julien to be set at liberty was rejected.

An Amusing Trick.—Among the many lighter passages of the war with which the Parisians amuse themselves, we find in the *Sport* the story of the capture of a detachment of Austrians who were taken prisoners by the engineer of the railway. It appears that the Austrians were en route for Peschiera to reinforce General Urban, when the engineer, whose sympathies were naturally on the Italian side, "switched off," and conveyed the Teutonic horses into the middle of the allied camp. Here they were politely escorted from the railway carriage, by the French soldiers, who, with that amiable politeness for which the nation is distinguished, saluted their enemies with "All those who are going to France will please change cars!" The feelings of the Austrians, at finding themselves taken prisoners in so ignoble a manner, may be imagined but not described.

Metternich and Chaos.—A London paper pitifully says of Metternich, that he was just the man, who, on the morning of Creation, would be found praying energetically for chaos.

ITALY.

The Zouaves.—As yet but one Zouave has been seen in Florence, and is, of course, a remarkable curiosity. I have been told that the Austrian soldiers are laboring under the delusion that each Zouave carries a cat on his back which takes refuge in his knapsack as long as powder is used, but the moment the cry 'a la bayonne' is given, out springs the diminutive tiger, flies at the eyes of the enemy, and deprives him of sight. You possibly recollect that a cat was the inseparable companion of one Zouave in the Crimea, and this instance may have given rise to the on dit.

An English "Sportman" in Garibaldi's Corps.—A correspondent of the *Paris Herald* says:

"One of the best shots in Garibaldi's service is an Englishman of fifty years old, who carries a capital Lancaster rifle, and, aided by a pair of spectacles of which he stands in need, brings down every Tyrolean chamois that he takes aim at. Somebody lately asked him whether he had been attracted to join the volunteer corps by a strong feeling for the Italian cause or by a love of sport. He answered very coolly, 'I have a great respect for Italian independence, but I am also very fond of shooting.'"

SWEDEN.

Frightful Blasphemy.—While human destinies and the cause of civilization are battled for in Italy, Sweden is busy about the question, "Whether infants dying unbaptized go to hell?" The famous coach-builder, Rehnitz, who has turned Baptist, is stoutly defending the milder view of the baby's prospects, in the teeth of the judicial bench and the consistency of Wisby (Gothland). His trial is now going on, and he is as obdurate as John Huss before the man burners of Constance. He quotes Luther's catechism as contradicting the Confession of Augsburg on the point at issue. He might quote a host of fathers and councils on either side of the controversy.

AUSTRIA.

The Fourth Kiss.—Herr Hacklander, a popular German author, lately left Stuttgart for Verona, by order of the Emperor of Austria, who desires him to revise the official reports of battles fought and victories won. Hacklander owes this distinction to the ability with which he performed the same service in 1848, in the army of Radetzky, whose popularity obtained for him the name among the people of "papa." So delighted was Radetzky with Hacklander's bulletin of Novara, that he gave him among other things, a kiss. This made Hacklander so proud that he preserved the circumstance for posterity in a poem, of which the following is a stanza: "There are three kisses that transport to heaven a human being; the first is that of the mother to her new-born child; the second, that of the new-made bride upon your lips; and the third, that with which love or friendship closes your eyes when your earthly career is ended; but I, more blessed than other mortals, can boast of a fourth kiss—the kiss of Papa Radetzky."

CHINA.

A Good Example.—A high officer of the Chinese Empire was recently decapitated for favoritism in a literary examination. For a consideration the examiner surreptitiously exchanged essays, giving his favorite the benefit of a first rate one in place of one of no merit, for which he received some silver, but lost all that portion of his person that is above the neck.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Fashionable Women.—Fashion kills more women than toll or sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The fashionable woman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashionable women are almost worthless for all the great ends of human life. They have but little force of character, they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms, in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody, they feed nobody, they instruct nobody, they bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books, they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. Their nursery all sprang from strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

What is a Fillet?—Longfellow thus describes this most contemptible and heartless being as "A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charm of person than grace of mind; more adroitness than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants." The silly exclaims "that men seek disreputably and deceive us, and that it is only fair and a bit of fun to make fools of them sometimes," is no justification for their conduct; and, indeed, while girls act with so much levity and indiscretion men will retaliate. Hence the domestic misery now so prevalent. Never, we think, have so many cases crowded on our notice; and, alas! fair readers, but too frequently originating in the thoughtlessness and indifference of the wife to her duties.

Fanny Fern upon Men.—The fair Fanny thus sketches that useless biped, man:

"Now, man is by nature an unclean animal. I doubt if he would ever wash his face were there no women about who would refuse to kiss him if he didn't. Well—he clears a hole in the middle of his room, and gets ready for breakfast, when he swallows, and then bolts through the front door (dining down town), not to return again till evening. What possible difference, then, does it make to him whether his bed be made and his room swept at ten o'clock in the morning or four in the afternoon? His home is in the restaurant, in the store, in the street, anywhere and everywhere, that temptation and inclination may lead him; four walls don't bound his vision. He can afford to be philosophical about brooms and dustpans."

Beauty.—Aristotle called beauty one of the most precious gifts of nature; Socrates, a short-lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carnepides, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it.

Rarely does that woman refuse the man anything, to whom she has been weak or vain enough to listen to his praises upon this head. On the other hand, she never forgives those who, she has reason to think, look upon her as disagreeable or ugly. In short, with women themselves, their first merit is that of beauty; which they would lay less stress upon, if they were to consider how short a time they have to enjoy it, and how long a one to be without it.

Every seed of beauty is sown by modesty.

Beauty without grace is a hook without a bait.

The beauty of a woman does not always consist in the purity, of the outline of her features, but rather in the charms of her mind—in graceful gestures, in the good taste displayed in her toilette, and in that indescribable something that consists in modesty and coquetry.

A woman need not be beautiful, but she must be pretty. There is something in the word pretty that implies the allurement of an elegant coquetry, and something spiritual, entirely excluded from the word beauty.

Philoprens.—The German custom of philoprens has a little more sense in it than the "snags" practiced here. When a couple meet the next time after having caught philoprens together, no advantage is taken of the other till one of them pronounces the word "philoprens." This is the warning that now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady; she invites him to walk in, but at the same time she utters the magic word. If she asks him to take off his hat, he must respectfully keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or, if at the table, she should hand him any article which he accepts, she wins the forfeit. At the same time he is watching to catch her off her guard—for the first acceptance of an offer from the other ends the game. Both parties are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport often goes on all the evening. Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present, and saying, "Knowing that I shall lose my philoprens, I have brought it along; here it is." If she is caught off her guard by this smooth speech she loses, for he immediately claims the forfeit. If neither wins at the first meeting, the sport continues to the second; and it may happen that half a dozen meet at the same time all anxious to win of their philoprens partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing.

Cultivate Cheerfulness.—An anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, and that is over-painstaking in contrivances for happiness, is foolish and should not be indulged. If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head, or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine; yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Richard Aldrich.*

FRANCIS II., KING OF NAPLES.

FRANCIS LEOPOLD, King of Naples, is the eldest son of the late King Ferdinand II., by his first wife, Marie Gaetane Elise, of Savoy, sister of the present King of Sardinia.

Of his father, little good can be said; his treachery and cruelty to every one over whom he had power have rendered his name abhorrent to every right-thinking and right-feeling mind.

The present King was born the 16th January, 1836, and married in 1856 the Princess Maria, of Bavaria, sister of the present Empress of Austria.

During the last illness of his father, intrigues were set in motion to deprive him of his birthright, and to raise to the throne the eldest son of the Queen Dowager, and for some time it was feared that the King's death would be the signal for civil war. These anticipations were, however, happily disappointed. The Queen found that her party in the State was not so strong as she hoped; and Francis II. ascended, without opposition, the throne of his ancestors.

Little is known of his political tendencies, as he was brought up in the strictest seclusion; and one of the objections urged against him by the Queen's party, was, that from the monastic habits of his education, he had no knowledge of public affairs; that he was but an imbecile tool of the Jesuits, and if he were to accede to the throne he would be a mere monk, wearing a crown instead of a cowl.

On his accession, England and France resumed their diplomatic relations, which had been suspended on account of the late King's cruelties, but although Francis has changed his ministers, nothing is known of his future policy.

Could Drink out of Anything.—An exchange, noticing the present of a silver cup to a cotemporary, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spout of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."



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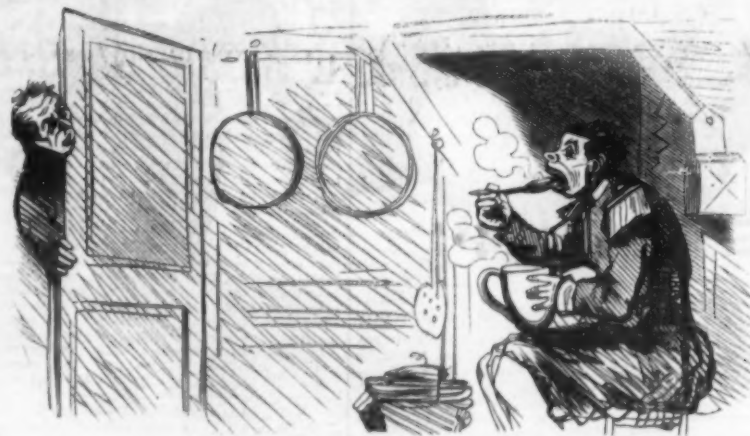
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